

Saturday May 23 1998

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The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

Six-page Saturday section

How to buy time
Plus book and arts reviews

Starting on page 13

World Cup

England hit the road for France

Soccer reports, page 19

Comment

Victims or murder suspects?

Catherine Bennett, page 9

Huge vote lifts Ulster hopes

Yes camp claims: 'We're on a roll'

John Miffin
Ireland Correspondent

THE people of Northern Ireland flocked to the polling stations in record numbers yesterday in the hope of ending 30 years of

murderous extremism. A unique sense of anticipation swept through voters and observers, with officials remarking on unprecedented scenes of long queues at polling stations even before they opened at 7am. The turnout was estimated at an astonishing 80 per cent.

The Ulster Unionist Party was confident of achieving a Yes vote of 70 per cent after the campaign, launched six weeks ago by the signing of the Good Friday Agreement. Such a majority backing the deal is vital to the success of the agreement and its Northern Ireland assembly. John Taylor, deputy leader, said simply: "We are on a roll."

Pat Bradley, chief electoral officer in Northern Ireland, said he was astonished at the response. The turnout was at 80 per cent, against last year's figure at the General Election of 67 per cent.

Visited three times in a fortnight to boost the Yes campaign, kept up the pressure with an article published in Ulster's Unionist daily, the Newsletter, and the national Irish News. His reassurances on the decommissioning of terrorist weapons are seen as key.

The mood of many voters was summed up by Andrew Hassard, a student at Ballyclare High School, celebrating his 18th birthday and voting for the first time yesterday. He gave the agreement his blessing, explaining: "I just feel that if I don't vote yes, I'm not giving any chance for peace or for any change to happen. This is the first chance for years to move things forward."

Members will be elected on the single transferable vote system. There will be six members for each of the 18 Westminster constituencies, and each member is to be paid £36,000 a year with generous staff and office allowances.

come with the allocation of places, in proportion to the parties' representation in the assembly, in the power-sharing executive. There will be 12 members in the cabinet, and Sinn Féin is expected to pick up two places. Those in the executive have to pledge to make the system work. That will rule out the Democratic Unionists and UK Unionists.

Impotence pill alert after six users die

Mark Tran in New York

THE deaths of six men who were users of Viagra, the impotence drug that has taken America by storm, are being investigated by the US Food and Drug Administration amid concern that the pill could pose serious problems for men taking heart medication.

Pfizer declined to answer questions about side effects reported among Viagra users. It also refused to confirm that it had reported six deaths to the FDA on Thursday. "People with ED [erectile dysfunction] tend to frequently suffer from serious underlying health conditions such as diabetes or cardiovascular disease," a Pfizer official said.



A solid cast-iron figure, one of 60 installed yesterday at the Royal Academy courtyard in London by Angel of the North sculptor Antony Gormley. The figures, moulded from the artist's body, give the impression of the aftermath of an urban disaster in a work called Critical Mass. The show, coinciding with the Summer Exhibition, runs until September 30. PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GORMLEY

Nurses lying for money, says their Saudi lawyer

Man who defended two British women criticises 'opportunism'

Luke Harding

THE Saudi lawyer who represented Deborah Parry and Lucille McLauchlan during their 17 months in prison yesterday bitterly accused them of "financial opportunism" and of contriving stories about their ordeal at the hands of Saudi police.

In an extraordinary attack, Salah Al Hejailan, the brother of the murdered Australian nurse, Yvonne Gilford — thus

applauded by everyone, and should not be undermined by the atrocious slander and financial opportunism we are witnessing in this sorry affair."

There was an angry response yesterday from Saudi Arabia's ambassador to Britain, Ghazi Alqasbi, to a BBC Panorama programme claiming the nurses were innocent. The documentary employed actors dressed in Arab clothes to recreate the women's story.

completely contriving stories about what happened in prison to the newspapers," he told Ashraf Al-Awsat, a Saudi daily newspaper. The BBC yesterday defended its documentary, The Nurses' Story, by reporter John Ware. "I am surprised by such a personal attack on Mr Ware," a Panorama spokeswoman said. "Mr Ware is an award-winning journalist with years of experience. He spent over a year researching and preparing this programme."

But the ambassador retorted: "I think he missed his true calling. He should be in Hollywood producing detective thrillers."

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Record class sizes embarrass Labour



Crowded infant classrooms saga 'in the final chapter' despite record levels being reported

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HOULIHAN

Ministers cling to manifesto promise

John Carvel
Education Editor

THE Government yesterday reaffirmed its core manifesto commitment to eliminate overcrowding in infant schools in the face of disturbing evidence that the number of five- to seven-year-olds in classes of 31 or more has grown to record proportions since the election.

A day after the Department of Health announced lengthening hospital waiting lists, the Department for Education and Employment produced figures showing worsening overcrowding in the early years of primary school.

The blameworthy result on the Treasury's final public spending settlement which determined local education authority budgets in the spring of 1997 and influenced how many teachers were in post when the census was taken in January.

The effect of Gordon

Brown's budgets — including £62 million to recruit 1,500 more infant teachers and build 800 extra classrooms — will not be felt until the start of the next school year in September.

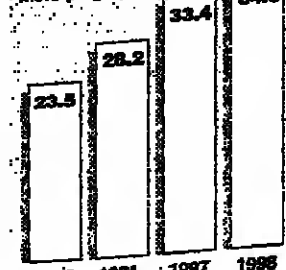
Stephen Byers, the school standards minister, said Labour's manifesto promise to limit infant classes to 30 or less would be achieved by September 2001 — six months ahead of schedule.

"We can guarantee to parents that this is the final chapter in the saga of overcrowding in infant classes," he said. "The book is now closed on a question of crowd control rather than a valuable learning experience."

The education department's annual census of class sizes in England's state schools showed there were more than 1.4 million primary pupils in January in classes of 31 or more. The proportion had risen steadily since 1990 to 24 per cent in 1997 to 35 per cent this year as public funding failed to keep pace with the

Bulging classrooms

Percentage of state primary school pupils in classes of 31 or more (England)



Source: DfEE, class sizes in maintained schools in England, January 1998 (provisional).

growth in pupil numbers.

Most of the increase came in classes of eight to 11-year-olds which were not included in the Government's pledge to set a maximum of 30 pupils. Four in 10 children of this age group are in classes over 30 and four in 100 are in classes over 35.

But ministers may be more concerned about a further slight increase in numbers of five- to seven-year-olds in classes over 30. This rose by 8,000 to 484,000, bringing the proportion in officially designated overcrowded classes to

a new high of 29.3 per cent. Angela Browning, the Conservative spokeswoman on schools, said the figures showed the Government was breaking its class size commitment and were "another example of Labour's duplicity". Nearly half the county council boroughs expected class sizes to rise further over the next year, she said.

Don Foster, the Liberal Democrats' education spokesman, said the Government's sums did not add up and the pledge for five- to seven-year-olds could only be achieved at the expense of increasing class sizes in the later years of primary school.

"Without more funding, another pledge will bite the dust," he said. But Mr Byers said the targets would be achieved by ploughing back savings made from phasing out home supporting places from low-income families at independent schools. This would generate £100 million by 2001/2.

Education ministers were trying to damp down fears that the maximum of 30 pupils to an infant class might force some parents to place their children in an inferior or distant school.

Rivals invade BA launch of low-cost airline

Keith Harper
Transport Editor

THE public relations battle between British Airways and easyJet for the crown of best low-cost carrier reached new heights of audacity when BA's new airline, Go, was invaded by 10 people in bright orange boiler suits.

They boarded Go's inaugural Boeing 737 flight from

London Stansted to Rome just as it was about to depart with 147 passengers. The passengers, to their astonishment and delight, were offered free flights on easyJet services to any of its current destinations.

Among the orange-clad intruders was easyJet's Greek-born chairman, Stelios Haji-Ioannou, who handed out letters.

He told passengers: "Don't worry — we're not here to dis-

rupt your flight, but to make a serious point in a light-hearted way."

Earlier this week, easyJet failed in the High Court to stop Go, BA's low-cost subsidiary, starting services. The judge ruled that easyJet had an arguable case against BA for abuse of dominance in cross subsidising Go, but that the case could not be heard in full until later in the year.

Mr Haji-Ioannou informed passengers that the "unbe-

lievable" £100 return fare to Rome was the result of easyJet's revolution. Go's no-frills, no ticket, pay for your own food and drinks operation was a "carbon copy" of what he had started nearly three years ago.

Before boarding the aircraft, Mr Haji-Ioannou said: "Go has been given permission by BA to lose £25 million in three years, having put its rivals out of business, but we are here to stay." At one

stage, he had rebuffed a BA move to take over easyJet.

Mr Haji-Ioannou's colourful intervention did not stop Go's passengers or the cool Barbara Cassani, the executive plucked out from BA's middle managers by Mr Aylmer to run Go. Travelling with her husband and daughter, she said: "Go was merely set up to drive other no-frills rivals from the field."

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German media group eyes Mirror newspapers

Mark Miller
and Chris Barrie

MIRROR Group Newspapers was last night at the centre of a looming takeover battle after Axel Springer, Germany's largest newspaper group, has a reputation for championing rightwing causes.

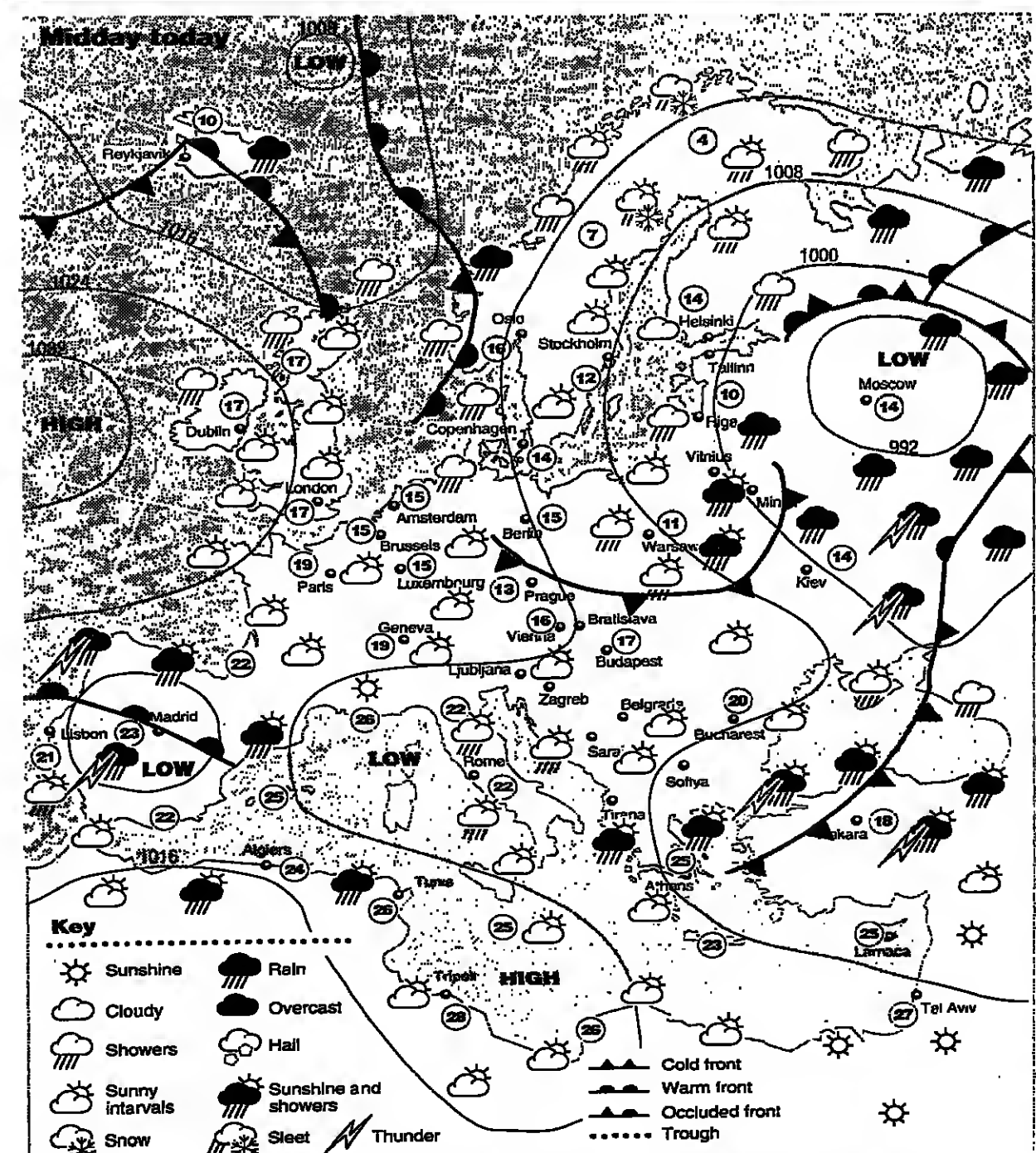
Earlier in the day Axel Springer had dismissed reports that it might be interested. But last night it showed to the pressure of mounting speculation and confirmed that it was "con-

sidering a number of opportunities, including Mirror Group Newspapers."

News of Axel Springer's interest came at a difficult time for MGN management. The company is replacing its chairman, Sir Robert Clarke, and is embroiled in a fierce circulation battle.

Its stake in the Independent and Independent on Sunday was recently sold to the Irish group Independent Newspapers after an unhappy period of cost-cutting and falling circulation.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

Today	max	min	weather	Tomorrow	max	min	weather
Aldershot	24	15	F	Aldershot	21	12	Sh
Amsterdam	16	9	F	Amsterdam	16	10	C
Berlin	18	9	F	Berlin	16	10	C
Birmingham	18	9	F	Birmingham	16	10	C
Bristol	18	9	F	Bristol	16	10	C
Cardiff	18	9	F	Cardiff	16	10	C
Edinburgh	18	9	F	Edinburgh	16	10	C
Glasgow	18	9	F	Glasgow	16	10	C
London	18	9	F	London	16	10	C
Manchester	18	9	F	Manchester	16	10	C
Metan	18	9	F	Metan	16	10	C
Paris	18	9	F	Paris	16	10	C
Stockholm	18	9	F	Stockholm	16	10	C
Toronto	18	9	F	Toronto	16	10	C
Vienna	18	9	F	Vienna	16	10	C

Around the world

Location	max	min	weather
Algeria	24	15	F
Amsterdam	16	9	F
Athens	24	15	F
Berlin	18	9	F
Birmingham	18	9	F
Bristol	18	9	F
Cardiff	18	9	F
Edinburgh	18	9	F
Glasgow	18	9	F
London	18	9	F
Manchester	18	9	F
Metan	18	9	F
Paris	18	9	F
Stockholm	18	9	F
Toronto	18	9	F
Vienna	18	9	F

European weather outlook

Scandinavia
Much of southern and eastern Scandinavia will be dry with sunny spells. However, a few showers are likely over Finland. Western Norway will cloud over with some drizzly rain breaking out. Highs will range from 4C in the north to 16C in the south.

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland
Most of the region will have a dry day with some reasonable sunny spells, the best of these being in the morning. However, cloud will spread from the North Sea over the Low Countries bringing some patchy drizzle, the heaviest of this over coastal Britain. Highs will range between 15-16C.

France
Most of France will have a line and mainly dry day with some good sunny spells in most areas. However, it will be cloudier over northern coastal areas and it will be cool for the time of year, apart from the southern Mediterranean coast. Highs 17-20C, but up to 26C in the south.

Spain and Portugal
Most of Spain and Portugal will start mainly dry with sunny spells but widespread showers, some heavy and thundery, will break out by the afternoon. Coastal areas will later benefit with only a small risk of a shower or two sunny spells. Highs 22-25C, but only 15C over northern coasts.

Italy
An unsettled day over much of the country with heavy, sometimes thundery, showers. However, cloud will build during the day and this will bring some hefty afternoon showers, especially over central hills and the north. Highs 22-25C.

Television and radio — Saturday

Time	Channel	Programme
8.00am	BBC 1	The Muppet Show, 8.30am News, 8.30am Saturday Afternoon, 8.40am Five, 8.45am The Muppet Show, 8.50am News, 9.00am The Muppet Show, 9.10am News, 9.15am The Muppet Show, 9.20am News, 9.25am The Muppet Show, 9.30am News, 9.35am The Muppet Show, 9.40am News, 9.45am The Muppet Show, 9.50am News, 9.55am The Muppet Show, 10.00am News, 10.05am The Muppet Show, 10.10am News, 10.15am The Muppet Show, 10.20am News, 10.25am The Muppet Show, 10.30am News, 10.35am The Muppet Show, 10.40am News, 10.45am The Muppet Show, 10.50am News, 10.55am The Muppet Show, 11.00am News, 11.05am The Muppet Show, 11.10am News, 11.15am The Muppet Show, 11.20am News, 11.25am The Muppet Show, 11.30am News, 11.35am The Muppet Show, 11.40am News, 11.45am The Muppet Show, 11.50am News, 11.55am The Muppet Show, 12.00am News, 12.05am The Muppet Show, 12.10am News, 12.15am The Muppet Show, 12.20am News, 12.25am The Muppet Show, 12.30am News, 12.35am The Muppet Show, 12.40am News, 12.45am The Muppet Show, 12.50am 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A new book reveals that William Wordsworth was more than a romantic poet

I wandered lonely as a spy ...

6/4 Crawfurd £60
6/11 Ford £200
6/13 To paid Mr. Wordsworth's Draft, £92/12/-
6/15 Crawfurd £170
" " £185

John Ezard on how the Lakeland poet turned to espionage and what really happened in his relationship with his sister

SO murderously cold was it when the poet William Wordsworth toured Germany in 1799 that a fly froze on their heating stove. His sister, Dorothy, had her love to keep her warm. The fly — she wrote in her journal — had "no brother, no mate, while I can draw warmth from the cheek of my love".

This, however, was no comfort to the impoverished poet, who grew to suspect that Dorothy harboured more than sisterly feelings for him. According to a sensational new biography, this winter of hardship led to a secret crisis in Wordsworth's life.

It not only provoked him to "normalise his sexual relations with Dorothy", it taught him that he "somehow had to keep body and soul together". It drove the unworried, 29-year-old bard of daffodils and Lakeland into acting as a paid spy and message-carrier abroad for the British secret service.

So deeply was Wordsworth drawn into espionage against his fellow revolutionaries that his final departure to a Lake District cottage in Grasmere — now a shrine for 80,000 tourists a year — was "something of the order of a fugitive flight to a safe house".

These charges are made in a forthcoming 1,000-page study by the poet, Kenneth Johnston, professor of English at Indiana University. His book, due out on July 6, will be a centrepiece of a London conference of British and American academic specialists on romantic poetry. Reaction from British academics who have seen proof copies is described as enthusiastic.

Prof Johnston's charges are based on the discovery of an entry recording a large payment to "Mr Wordsworth" in the journal of the Duke of Portland, chief of the Home Office's obsessively watchful secret intelligence department in the years immediately after the French Revolution.

The book is the first public disclosure of the entry, in a volume which came to light when it was sold to the Wordsworth Library at Grasmere in 1983.

Listed before and after the poet's name in the entry are payments to two other men who, according to Prof Johnston's research in period documents, were key figures in the British spy web into which the writer was allegedly recruited.



Wordsworth; his Grasmere cottage; sister Dorothy and the espionage evidence (top left) ENGRAVING: MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

The first man is Sir James Craufurd, British chargé d'affaires in Hamburg during Wordsworth's stay there. Craufurd is on record as director of a secret Foreign Office monitoring operation in the city. Hamburg was then seething with British and Irish dissidents eager to export the French Revolution to Britain.

The second is Richard Ford, a magistrate high in the Home Office secret service — an agent who two years earlier had been involved in a bizarre surveillance of the poet.

This was when Wordsworth and his fellow poet Samuel Coleridge were suspected, during a Somerset walking tour, of spying out potential routes for a French invasion. The agent sent to watch them eventually reported back that they were merely "a mischievous gang of dissident Englishmen".

But the surveillance put the poet's name firmly on the government's books as a revolutionary sympathiser.

Prof Johnston says he is likely to have been "turned" into a spy while in Germany by a service that specialised in "blackmailing sentimental liberals". He was also travelling in Germany with a known French spy, Joseph Antoine de Leutre.

The £92 and 12 shillings paid under his surname "looks like a payment of expenses claim" for "some kind of errand or messenger service for the Foreign Office". The sum would have almost covered Wordsworth's entire spending on the German tour. It also came close to the £100-a-year income he had said wistfully he needed to achieve literary independence.

His role would explain the mystery of a gap in Dorothy Wordsworth's normally conscientious journal between February and March 1799, the only gap that she left in it during a two-year period.

And all other records of their activities in these two months are — unusually — missing, according to Prof Johnston.

In April, Craufurd was able to stage a wholesale round-up of Hamburg dissidents. After Wordsworth's return to Britain, his politics swung sharply rightwards — possibly because he had "realised his dependence on the coffers of the state after a terrible year of isolation and self-exile".

As for Dorothy, the book says the German tour was the beginning of a Wordsworthian "declaration of independence" from her too. He married five years later and had five children in a life that grew steadily more prosperous and uneventful.

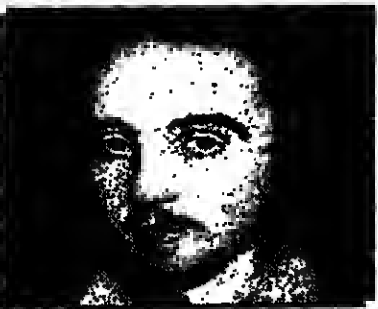


'Wordsworth experts are a lethal brotherhood but Prof Johnston is absolutely sure of his ground'
Publisher



Yesterday his publisher said: "Wordsworth experts are a lethal brotherhood but Prof Johnston is absolutely sure of his ground." Prof Johnston said: "People who want to argue to the contrary will have a hard time overcoming my arguments. I don't think Wordsworth can have been up to anything sensational as a spy. But it is in its way a sensational piece of information."

I spy literary agents



Christopher Marlowe
Started spying while he was a student at Cambridge, where he was recruited by Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth I's Principal Secretary, who is credited with establishing the country's first national Secret Service. The playwright's main target were Catholics opposed to the Reformation. Posing as a Catholic sympathiser, he went on spying missions to France and the Low Countries. In May 1592, he was arrested and released on bail. A few days later he was killed in a tavern brawl in Deptford, south London, in circumstances which remain unclear. He may have been suspected of being a double agent — Robert Poley, also a spy, was in the pub at the time.



Daniel Defoe
The author of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders*, he was one of the Government's most important spymasters in the early eighteenth century. Though he had been a radical and radical pamphleteer and imprisoned for seditious libel, he was highly regarded as a keen observer and chronicler of the public mood, as he demonstrated in his book, *Tour Through England and Wales*. He was particularly useful in infiltrating the Jacobites. He acknowledged he was employed by Queen Anne "in several honourable, though secret, services". In the reign of her successor, George I, he was sent round the country as the Government's main secret agent, travelling incognito and recruiting other spies.



Erskine Childers
Recruited by Naval Intelligence after the publication in 1903 of *The Riddle of the Sands*, the classic spy novel he wrote to alert the public to the dangers posed by Germany's growing fleet. The Admiralty discovered his chests of the German coast were out of date and asked him for help. Espoused Irish nationalism. Before the outbreak of the first world war — while still working for British Intelligence — he skipped a yacht with a cargo of arms to the south of Ireland, an operation prompted by the shipment of large quantities of arms to Ulster protestants. He argued that partition would provoke bloodshed, "not just for a few years, but for a dozen or more generations to come". He was shot by the Free State government in 1922.



Sir Compton Mackenzie
Best known perhaps as the author of *Whiskey Galore*, he was an MI6 agent in Greece and Syria in the first world war. He was accused by his bosses in London of being out of control, arranging maverick schemes and plots some of which were dreamt up by the international arms dealer, Sir Basil Zaharoff. He was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act and fined in 1933 for revealing in an autobiographical volume, *Greek Memories*, that the head of MI6 was referred to as C. for Chief. He resented by writing *Water On The Brain*, a brilliant satire on the intelligence services. The unexpurgated version of *Greek Memories* has only recently been made available to the public.



David Cornwell, aka John Le Carré
Described on the dustjackets of his books as having spent five years in the "British Foreign Service", it is a euphemism for his career in MI6. He told ITV's *South Bank Show* in 1988: "I wasn't Mike Hart, and I was not, like Somerset Maugham (also recruited by MI6) Graham Greene and lots of other writers, for a time engaged in that work." After a brief spell with MI6, Cornwell joined MI6 who sent him to Bonn, backdrop of *A Small Town in Germany*. His portrayal of George Smiley as MI6's main spy-catcher did not endear him to his former employers. "Writers", he once said, "are a subversive crowd, nothing if not traitors".



Graham Greene
The author of *The Confidential Agent* and *The Third Man* was recruited by MI6 during the second world war after he had made his name as a writer. Greene was sent to Sierra Leone, where he wrote the Ministry of Fear and *The Heart of the Matter*. He wrote a sympathetic foreword to *My Silent War*, the autobiography of his friend, Kim Philby, in which he wrote: "Who amongst us has not committed treason to something or someone more important than a country?" Later, MI6 told MI6 he should be prosecuted for writing *Our Man in Havana*. "What secret had I betrayed", he asked "Was it the possibility of using bird shit as secret ink?"

Profiles: Richard Norton-Taylor

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Parents of human growth hormone patients gain victory in High Court □ Judge rules doctors were 'kept in dark' over dementia link

CJD victims' families awarded £1m

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

EIGHT families who lost relatives to Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease (CJD) after treatment with contaminated human growth hormone won the right to government compensation totalling more than £1 million in the High Court yesterday.

The ruling brings to 20 the number who have won damages. They include parents, and spouses and children of CJD victims who died in their 20s and 30s as a result of treatment in childhood.

Five more cases are in doubt because full medical records cannot be found, and two were lost because the treatment was completed before the Government could have been expected to know the risk. David Body, the claimants' solicitor, called on the Health Secretary, Frank Dobson, to settle all the outstanding cases.

Nearly 2,000 children of short stature in Britain were given human growth hormone extracted from the pituitary glands of corpses between 1959 and 1985. Of those, 27 contracted CJD and all but two have died. An unknown number may still develop the disease, because scientists believe it may incubate for up to 30 years.



Maureen Newman, whose son died at 21. "Now we can let Terry rest"

The eight families, who are each claiming damages of between £50,000 and £140,000, were originally told they were ineligible because their relatives' treatment began before 1 July 1977 — the date after which a court in 1996 ruled the Government knew the treatment carried a risk of

causing CJD, but failed to inform doctors. Mr Justice Morland originally decided doctors would not have stopped treatment for existing patients, even if they had known of the risk, although they would not have started new patients on it. But in yesterday's judgment, he

said he had changed his mind after evidence from four professors involved in the growth hormone programme. Families of those who started treatment after 1 July 1977 have already won compensation. Lawyers for the families said they would meet repre-

sentatives of the Department of Health on June 17 to try to agree compensation. The programme was ended in May 1985 after the first reports of deaths from CJD in the United States. Risk-free genetically engineered growth hormone is now used. In July 1996, Mr Justice

Morland ruled that the Department of Health was negligent in deliberately keeping clinicians "in the dark" about warnings from scientists.

Lawyers for the Department of Health said it would be considering whether to appeal.

Mr Body, of Irwin Mitchell solicitors, representing the families, said: "These families were fighting a government that refused a public inquiry three times and so had to seek their justice at court."

Don Heffernan, aged 68, of Paddington, west London, whose son, Saul, died aged 20, said: "I think that payment should be extended to all families that have been visited by this catastrophe."

He added: "I feel more distressed than angry or bitter. I had always presumed the NHS was there to care for people in extreme distress, whatever their illness. The official attitude has been callous and indifferent."

Maureen Newman, aged 48, from Coulsdon, Surrey, expressed relief with the ruling but said she had become "disillusioned in many ways" over the health service.

Her son, Terence, died in December 1990 at the age of 21. He had been treated with human growth hormone from the age of six to 18. She said: "Now we know we have won, we can let Terry rest."

A 'cure' harvested in morgues to help children, and the warnings unheard

HUMAN growth hormone helped children with a shortage of their own natural hormone to reach normal or near normal height, writes Clare Dyer. But parents who saw their children die in their 20s or 30s from the human form of mad cow disease say they would not have let them have the treatment had they known of the risk.

Morgue attendants were paid 10p a time to harvest pituitary glands from cadavers, from which hormone was extracted. Controls to screen out people who had died from degenerating diseases, such as Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, were lax or non-existent.

The first experimental transmission of CJD was published in the journal *Science* in 1968. One of the authors of the paper, a neurologist, said the connection was not made because "people who knew about CJD, like me, knew nothing about growth hormone".

In 1974 a woman who had received a corneal transplant died of the disease. In 1976 and 1977 the Medical Research Council, which oversaw the production of hormone, received warnings from scientists. But clinicians overseeing the treatment programme were not told.

Lack of knowledge was compounded by insufficient safeguards in the preparation of the hormone. It was never licensed. The Government's own application for a product licence was turned down because the Department of Health inspector advised that the laboratories at Cambridge University and Bart's Hospital medical school in London were inadequate.

Unlike Britain, Australia held an official inquiry into what went wrong in its growth hormone programme. Derek Bangham, who headed the hormones division of Britain's National Institute for Biological Standards, told the Australian inquiry.

● The labs at Cambridge and Bart's were "wholly inadequate and inappropriate" for good manufacturing.

● Opportunities for cross-contamination were "manifest".

● The labs were shut after failing an inspection in 1978.

● Until production was moved to the government lab at Porton Down a year or two later, children continued to be given hormone.

Bank to pay £50,000 to women for RSI pain

FIVE former Midland Bank workers who suffered pain in their arms, necks and shoulders after their work rate was increased were awarded more than £50,000 total compensation yesterday after a test case.

Judge Eynon, at the Mayor's and City of London court, found the bank in breach of its duty of care to its employees, based at its processing centre at Frimley, Surrey.

After a reserved judgment which took 24 hours to read, Judge Eynon awarded the women £7,000 each in general compensation, and special compensation for loss of earnings. He blamed a combination of pressure at work and too few breaks from key-boards.

During the six-week case the five women had said they made thousands of key strokes every hour, which led to a number of upper limb disorders.

The judge said there had been increased pressure from management for the women to increase their work rate, and Midland Bank was in breach of its duty of care to its workers and liable for damages.

In the early 1990s all five women experienced the "terrible pain" in their right arms, necks and shoulders, the judge found.

He said it was unlikely that any of them would be able to return to similar jobs, and their injuries had hampered them in the home, making it difficult to perform simple tasks. The five all had excellent work records.

He awarded £7,000 in general compensation to each of Angela Coleman, Jane Alexander, 33, Margaret Rolfe, 44, Beverly Mulholland, 38, and Rachel Lancaster, 38. The five were based at the district service centre at Frimley in the early 1990s, keying transaction records at an intensive stroke rate.

The Banking, Insurance and Finance Union, which backed the cases, said the bank faced costs of more than £500,000. It described the judge's

ment as a "tremendous breakthrough" for repetitive strain injury (RSI) sufferers, and said it could open the floodgates for hundreds of workers to claim compensation.

Linda Gregory, the union's chief negotiator for the Midland Bank, said: "The judge has made it clear that... employers can no longer treat staff like machines."

"It is a big breakthrough for sufferers of diffuse RSI where they suffer from disabling pain."

Mrs Osler said the judgment had awarded the women £7,000 each in general compensation, and special compensation for loss of earnings. He blamed a combination of pressure at work and too few breaks from key-boards.

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Humble beginnings: The comic's birthplace in Eltham, south London, which he often revisited, is on the market for £86,000

Bob Hope's old house going for a song

Ruaridh Nicol

BEHIND an orange door in south London, Bob Hope, the legend of the one-liner, sprang seemingly eternal nearly 85 years ago.

A For Sale sign now stands by the gate from which the comedian struck out on the road to Hollywood. While he went from success to superstardom, the house where he was born stood unchanged in Eltham. It is as thin and unassuming as one of his gags, and it could be yours for £86,000.

The last owner made virtually no changes to the house in nearly 60 years.

As a result the outside lavatory remains the only convenience.

"He started out from the most humble beginnings, and 55 years later he's an American legend, an icon and a treasure," said Bob Hope's granddaughter, Miranda, as Sir Christopher Meyer, the

British ambassador to Washington bestowed an honorary knighthood on the old man on Monday.

"To be recognised by the British Government is a deep honour," she said.

Leslie Townes Hope, as he was then, left Eltham when he was four years old, and moved to Cleveland, Ohio. He rose from immigrant shoe-shine boy to radio voice, entertainer of the troops and star of more than 50 films.

In the 1980s, while in Eltham to open the Bob Hope Theatre, he returned to the house of his birth and dropped in on the most recent owners, Jack and Florence Ching for a cup of tea. A photograph shows him with his arms around the couple.

"In later life it brought my grandmother a lot of pleasure," said Chris Ching, who has put the house on the market.

"She had a lot of contact with him, which gives the measure of the man." Jack died 10 years ago but Florence died aged 93, just a few weeks after hearing that Hope was to receive a knighthood.

"He sent a beautiful bouquet of flowers to the funeral," said Mr Ching.

The advertisement for the house in the window of the estate agents, Harrison Ingram, in Eltham, flags up the association with a gag Hope would have been proud of: "A three bedroom Cornish house boasting a resident of character. Now requires complete overhaul (the house that is)."

Paul Harrison, the agent, claims the price does not take into account the house's famous occupant. He said he could not imagine anyone buying it merely because Bob Hope lived there.

"The neighbours still think it is over-priced, £86,000," asked Patrick O'Toole. "It's too much. It's very dilapidated."



Homeboy: Bob Hope sent flowers to owner's funeral

It's time to go crazy with 10,000 car boot sales

David Ward

THERE will be maybe 10,000 car boot sales held this holiday weekend, selling junk, dodgy videos, fake fashions and perhaps hot property.

"I would say that figure is almost certainly an underestimate," said Terry Robinson, reader in marketing at the University of Teesside, who has kept an eye on the exponential growth of the phenomenon.

"The boundary lines between shopping and leisure are becoming blurred. A shopping trip is a leisure activity, a day out, something to do."

And there is always the chance of striking lucky.

Stories are as common as urban myths: porcelain bought for £30 in Gillingham, Dorset, and expected to raise £50,000 at auction, for example — but that find was reported on April Fool's Day.

Robert Scott, who claims to run Britain's biggest car boot operation at Pear Tree farm near Knutsford in Cheshire, said: "If people made great finds, they wouldn't tell me, would they?"

Within certain limits, anyone can run 14 sales a year without needing planning permission (although the council must be notified). Using three of his nine farms, Mr Scott runs 42 a year, one every Sunday except in January and March. He has managed to get up the noses of both his neighbours and Macclesfield council

while pulling in thousands of cars by a variety of signs which add a bit of Dayglo colour to the green belt. "We began five years ago. The idea was abhorrent — I didn't want cars driving all over my land — but I went along with it, thinking it would all be over in a couple of weeks."

"We had 10 cars to start with, but within weeks people were coming in their thousands. The council got an injunction, but I just transferred the circus to another site."

Macclesfield's councillors will try to exercise more control over Mr Scott next month but their powers are limited. Councils are lobbying the Government for licensing powers, but with little effect.

"Car boot traders pay little in rent, nothing in rates, suffer none of the controls on 'proper' markets and attract thousands of customers, taking trade away from legitimate businesses," said John Coates, former editor of Market Trader and Shopkeeper.

"They first achieved popularity when other forms of trading were forbidden by the new defence Shops Act 1950. Judges decided that householders selling unwanted goods did not constitute a retail sale within the act."

The boom continued even after it was repealed. Dodgy traders moved in, and trading standards officers set off in pursuit. "I had someone in court this week who had a stall full of counterfeit clothes — Tommy Hilfinger, Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren," said Andrew Rees, a Cheshire tradings stan-

dards officer who keeps track of many sales (including those run by Mr Scott).

"The counterfeiters are constantly leaping ahead of us. The quality of the goods has improved, making them harder to identify. It's a nightmare. Frequently there is a connection between counterfeit, especially drugs, because it's an easy way of laundering money."

For the innocent punter, like car boot fan Beverly Sale, from Bury, Greater Manchester, sales are a chance to clear the house of junk and raise some cash. "You feel very awkward at first when people ask how much you want for things," she said. "But you get used to hanging and learn to be

tough. Some weeks you come away having made barely anything. Another week I get up to £20. It's amazing what you can pick up, and it's quite addictive."

Warm weather will not return for the Bank Holiday weekend, writes Rory Carroll. Temperatures will remain at levels of 15C to 18C, forecasters said. Most of the sun shine will be on the south coast, though Northern Ireland and Scotland will be mostly dry if cloudy in coastal areas. Monday will be cooler.

F&O Stena Line, Le Shuttle and Eurostar reported heavy bookings.

The Association of British Travel Agents said it would be a very busy weekend.

Icy shock for pensioner as frozen urine smashes roof

Amelia Gentleman

MINA Tucker thought life had prepared her for most things. She had lived through two world wars and survived to see 13 great-grandchildren.

However nothing prepared her for the shock this week of a large lump of frozen urine falling from the sky and crashing through her roof.

Mrs Tucker, aged 83, was enjoying a cup of tea in front of the television, when she heard the bang. She thought

her house was being bombed. "I collapsed on the floor. When I stopped shaking, I went upstairs. I could see daylight through the ceiling of the back bedroom: the roof had fallen in and there was chaos everywhere," she said yesterday.

Because it was a sunny evening, she was surprised to notice shards of hine ice all over the room beneath the 4ft hole. A fireman told her it was probably frozen effluent which had dropped from a plane passing over Slough en route to Heathrow.

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The new boss at the Arts Council has put the great and the good into mass resignation mode . . .

General coup puts art elders to flight

Stuart Millar on the reform programme that has riven the cultural world asunder

A HIGH-PROFILE resignation, the threat of more to come and a fresh round of accusation and recrimination: in Arts Council terms, days like yesterday are rapidly becoming the norm as the open revolt which has engulfed it since it embarked on a radical reform programme continues to escalate.

The arts establishment was last night bracing itself for yet more resignations after Lady McMillan quit as chair-

woman of the council's dance advisory panel in disgust at reform proposals which critics claim pose a threat to the relationship between the council and the organisations it funds.

The resignation of Lady McMillan — widow of Sir Kenneth McMillan, Britain's greatest post-war choreographer — capped a bad week for the council, coming two days after the 15 members of the drama advisory panel resigned en masse in protest at the reform programme.

Among them were some of the leading names in theatre, including Sir Alan Ayckbourn, Jude Kelly, director of the West Yorkshire Playhouse, Sam Mendes, director of the Donmar Warehouse, and Michael Attenborough, a Royal Shakespeare Company director and son of Lord Attenborough.

Stephen Phillips, chairman of the touring advisory panel, has said he also intends to quit, but this is unlikely until after the next meeting of the panel at which he is expected

to urge its members to go with him. They are furious that the council's new chairman, Gerry Robinson, and its chief executive, Peter Hewitt, are to press ahead with reforms which will see the chairman of the 13 advisory panels lose their automatic seats on the council.

In moves backed by the Culture Secretary, Chris Smith, the chairman of the 10 regional arts boards will also go, to be replaced by a streamlined council of 10 "generalists" who will have no spe-

cific links to any particular art form. The aim, according to Mr Robinson and Mr Hewitt, is to make the council function more efficiently by removing the vested interests they believe have clogged up the decision-making process.

There have been frequent complaints from arts organisations that the Arts Council, which distributes £400 million in grant and lottery money annually, has become so unwieldy and bureaucratic that it cannot function effectively.

It has also struggled to adapt to the post-lottery world. It now distributes more cash from the lottery than from government grants — which has stretched its resources to the limit.

But while representatives of the individual art forms agree that change was long overdue, they have accused the Government of handing the arts over to businessmen and bureaucrats while experienced figures working in the arts were frozen out of decision-making.

Lady McMillan tendered her resignation to Mr Smith after addressing members of the dance panel, who are now believed to be considering their position. The meeting was also addressed by Mr Hewitt, who attempted to persuade them that their input was still valued and that the slimmed-down council would include an eminent figure connected to the dance world.

In her letter to Mr Smith yesterday, Lady McMillan wrote: "I have only served 18 months of a three-year appointment, but I am so gravely disturbed by developments at the Arts Council since the arrival of the new chairman and his new chief executive that I cannot in all conscience stay."

"The Arts Council only has credibility because the chairs of each of those [advisory] panels serve on the council itself, and so can reflect the current issues of their art form colleagues in the wider debates on policy and development. Your new chairman and chief executive are severing this link."

But in a statement released last night, Mr Robinson said: "The Arts Council will, of course, continue to take advice from the arts constituency in the future. There will be a genuine two-way dialogue with artists and arts organisations. One way in which dialogue will be maintained is through art form panels."

"Whilst art form panels will not *de facto* be members of council, they will have direct access to council when matters of significance in their art forms are being discussed. Council itself will consist of individuals of standing in the arts world. A council of 10, as opposed to 23, which is not made up of sectoral interests will be more able to act decisively on behalf of all the arts."

The council's critics insist the debate is not merely about the institution's structure. Thelma Holt, the Tony award-winning West End producer who resigned on Wednesday as chairwoman of the drama panel, said: "They are throwing the baby out with the bathwater."

"With nobody from the art form panels on the council, these changes mean that people who have supported their local theatre may wake up one morning and find it is gone because nobody from the profession was there to speak up for it."

Paul Allen, Ms Holt's former deputy, said: "Frankly, it's a disgrace what they are doing. Theatre productions, in London as much as in the regions, could disappear because the temptation for the new people will be to go for the big, established produc-

tions. The panels were the only fig leaf of democracy that the council had. Now it will be run by bureaucrats."

But as the in-fighting continues, prominent figures in the arts fear that it is further damaging the image of an institution already tarnished by the debacle over the running of the Royal Opera House.

They believe that the public may be put off because they feel the constant feuding has little to do with ensuring they have access to the best possible productions.



James Bolan in A Fool and His Money at the Arts Council-subsidised Nottingham Playhouse. The council's touring advisory panel could be the next to go PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT DAY

How it works

Name: Arts Council of England

Origins: established in 1945 as the brainchild of John Maynard Keynes, it was born out the wartime Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts.

Mission: to ensure the accessibility of the arts to the people and to promote quality in the arts

How it does it: Distributes £184 million of public money and £200 million of lottery money each year to the 10 regional arts boards and 120 organisations, including the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company

"To most people, it's meaningless," said Katharine Dore, producer of *Adventures on Motion Pictures*, one of the country's leading dance companies. "Individual arts organisations are by and large very well run, but they don't get enough money."

Their problem is that they have to deal with great swathes of bureaucracy at the Arts Council, and that's what they should be looking at rather than the advisory panels."

Trevor Phillips, broadcaster and chairman of the London Arts Board, said: "All of this kerfuffle is not particularly helpful. It is all very serious, very interesting and very difficult, but at the end of the day, what I'm worried about is the 130 organisations we fund and ensuring they give their audiences the best they can."

I regret that the people on the advisory panels feel they have a serious problem with the way this has been handled. But the reforms will probably help me in the long run. What doesn't help are the arguments over the process of reform."

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Asia's anxious regimes

Indonesia could inspire protest and opposition throughout the region. Some governments are vulnerable: all are watching nervously.

1 Malaysia
 ○ President Mahatir Mohamad
 ○ Chaotic economic modernisation, huge gaps in living standards
 ○ Jakarta example could inspire critics of Communist rule, encourage protests by deprived peasants.

2 Burma
 ○ President Ne Win
 ○ Military rule, economic stagnation, human rights abuses
 ○ Myanmar's military could be a model for Indonesia's army.

3 Vietnam
 ○ President Tran Dinh Luong
 ○ Democratic movement by corruption with army in background; type swayed by IMF medicine
 ○ Economy might not survive second regional slump; popular protest could rekindle.

4 Thailand
 ○ Prime Minister Chuan Leekpai
 ○ Democracy, but corruption with army in background; type swayed by IMF medicine
 ○ Economy might not survive second regional slump; popular protest could rekindle.

5 Philippines
 ○ President Fidel Ramos
 ○ Enthusiasm of 1986 revolution has faded; new president Estrada must tackle poverty and corruption
 ○ Could be exposed to military, religious, and ethnic challenges for regional security.

6 China
 ○ President Jiang Zemin
 ○ Strong centralised leadership, but economic stagnation; type swayed by IMF medicine
 ○ Economy might not survive second regional slump; popular protest could rekindle.

7 S. Korea
 ○ President Kim Dae-jung
 ○ Struggling with its own economic crisis under new president Kim Dae-jung; North Korea also in serious difficulties
 ○ Seoul's students and workers may be encouraged to new action; protests against job-loss and IMF demands.

8 Japan
 ○ Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto
 ○ Massive aid, trade and investment propped up entire Indonesian system. PM Hashimoto's remarks notified Suharto's role
 ○ Special relationship with Japan now threatened. Possible return of Suharto to power could be a challenge to Japan's leadership.

Indonesia
 ○ Economic crisis undermined Suharto. Habibie cabinet maintains army-dominated power.
 ○ Continuation of danger as opposition steps up demand for free speech and democracy; IMF policies squeeze jobs and living standards.

Countdown to the chief's final exit

Andrew Higgins, who in the past weeks has witnessed at close hand the president's decline, goes behind the scenes to unravel his last moments in power

AS NIGHT took hold, President Suharto was surrounded. His comfortable but far from extravagant family home on Cendana Road, a narrow street just a few minutes' walk from the British ambassador's grander residence, was under siege — not by the mobs which had looted and torched his capital five days before but by cold middle-aged men with as much to lose as the president.

Shortly after 8pm, 11 ministers gathered a few blocks away in the white art deco headquarters of the national development planning board. The meeting, chaired by the economic policy overlord Ginjar Kartasmita, had been planned as a routine gathering of senior officials responsible for the fate of the crumbling economy.

Instead, it helped seal the fate of Asia's longest-serving ruler. With the streets outside filled with troops and tanks, Wednesday's scheduled meeting on how to halt the economic collapse gave way to debate on how to prevent the entire country falling apart.

A day earlier Mr Suharto had appeared on television to promise the establishment of a "reform committee", a desperate attempt to calm a growing chorus of critics. The verdict of the ministers was unequivocal: such a committee would not work, and they would not sit on it. Several of those present drew up a letter

offering to resign from the cabinet.

How many signed is not known. Mr Suharto's golfing partner and trade minister, Mohammad "Boh" Hasan refused. Mr Ginjar, the coordinating minister for finance, economy and industry, insists he, too, declined — though the Indonesian press reports otherwise. But even those unwilling to give up their posts endorsed the meeting's conclusion: Mr Suharto's attempts to cling to his post were doomed.

Also on Wednesday night another flank in the assault on Mr Suharto was regrouping in a new two-storey house behind the British embassy. A banner in support of "Peaceful Reformation" hung from the iron fence. The house belonged to Malik Fajar, the director of the government's office for religious affairs.

'The army had to choose between the people and the president'

Among those at the emergency meeting was Amien Rais, the head of Muhammadiyah, an Islamic organisation claiming 28 million members, and a key figure in a disorganised but potent campaign to topple Mr Suharto.

With the president's efforts

to stall for time torpedoed by his own allies, Mr Rais and his colleagues talked until past midnight. A once impossible goal was now tantalisingly within reach.

Earlier on Wednesday, at dawn, Mr Rais had called off a planned "people power" rally in Merdeka square after an unidentified general warned of a repeat of the bloodshed of a 1968 military coup.

The decision not to protest in Merdeka was crucial. It not only avoided bloodshed but also left the armed forces to ponder the fruit of their labour — a near deserted, eerily silent city of shuttered shops, barricaded streets and football games played on wide, empty highways. The military controlled not a capital but a ghost town.

The scene left no doubt about the crippling price that would have to be paid to let Mr Suharto make the leisurely retreat from office he had demanded on Tuesday.

For Mr Rais, the choice for the military was clear. "It has to choose between the people and the president. It cannot take both sides," he said on Wednesday afternoon in an address to students encamped in the grounds of the national parliament.

"They are not here to protect the interests of one family alone."

Mr Suharto had ruled Indonesia since 1966, when he toppled his mentor and the country's founding father, President Sukarno. Outside Indonesia the chaotic events that brought him to power are remembered, if at all, only as the backdrop to the Hollywood film *The Year of Living Dangerously*. But for Indonesians they form the only past model of a political transition.

Like this week's drama, the process began with a student revolt fuelled by economic misery. It came to a head in January 1968, with an encounter at Merdeka Palace. Mr Suharto, then a little-known major-general, paid a call on President Sukarno.

"I have always respected you as I have my parents. To me you are not only our national leader but I consider

Indonesian troops march in to end student occupation

Nick Cumming-Bruce in Jakarta

THOUSANDS of armed and stick-wielding Indonesian troops last night opened the post-Suharto era by marching into the parliament building to end the five-day occupation by students which prompted the dictator's collapse.

Dozens of military trucks arrived loaded with soldiers, who climbed out and started scuffling with students. About 2,000 protesters sang the national anthem and waved red-and-white Indonesian flags as they were surrounded by the troops.

"Disperse, disperse!" the military police shouted, carrying M-16 rifles, tear-gas canisters and tear-gas canisters into the complex. Some students tried to form a harrier as the security forces approached.

Student leaders told their comrades not to resist the troops, but some outside the gates lay down in the road to try to block army trucks. A few students left the grounds but most remained.

It provided an inauspicious start to the presidency of Yusuf Habibie, who may have lost the war for credibility before he has had a chance to tackle Indonesia's worsening economic and social crisis.

In an effort to imprint his style on the new era Mr Habibie rushed to present his government only 24 hours after being sworn into office.

Mr Habibie arrived late at the microphone to unveil what he called a "reform cabinet", delayed by last-minute wrangles over the selection of a senior diplomat to head the economic team.

He clearly made an aggressive effort to broaden the base of the cabinet.

Had Mr Suharto named a team like this even a few months ago, he would still

strengthen doubts about the durability of the new regime.

More than half the members of the new cabinet were also members of the old one.

Gone from the cabinet are the most controversial faces — Mr Suharto's daughter, Tutut, and his millionaire business cronies and old golfing chums, Bob Hassan.

Included for the first time is a member of the Muslim-backed United Development Party and other populist Muslim figures.

Mr Habibie's economic team includes a strong line-up of respected technocrats.

For integrity and competence it is a "distinct improvement over the previous cabinet", a senior diplomat concluded. "He clearly made an aggressive effort to broaden the base of the cabinet."

Had Mr Suharto named a team like this even a few months ago, he would still

be president, suggested one pundit. "It gets to grips with the problems in hand it could last more than two years," a cabinet minister said hopefully.

The immediate response of Indonesia's rising political star, Amien Rais, was sardonic. "Some of them appear to be linked to Cendana," he said, naming the leafy street in which Mr Suharto lives. The new government, said the populist presidential contender, was just a "transition team".

Last night's dramatic clearing of the parliament building came after a violence earlier in the day, when about 1,000 Habibie supporters, some of them white-turbaned, black-shirted members of Muslim associations, pushed into the compound, beating a few students on their way.

Tension soared the newcomers unleashed a volley of stones at the crowds of pro-reform students.

They have from his power and money. Suddenly he was destroying them," said Hermawan Sulistyono, a scholar at the Indonesian Institute of Sciences and author of prophetic articles that predicted

armed forces. Again the details of his conversation are not known. A former adjutant of Mr Suharto, the military chief has never broken publicly with his boss. Many believe he did not ask Mr Suharto to quit but merely declined to urge him to stay.

According to a report yesterday in *Media Indonesia*, Gen Wiranto's military secretary, Yasil Yach, then met for two hours with staff from the state secretariat. Their task: to draft Mr Suharto's statement of resignation.

On Tuesday the president had publicly rejected the suggestion that he step down in favour of his vice-president, B.J. Habibie, an eccentric, German-trained engineer.

"Would this solve the problem?" he asked in his televised address. "There'll be more protests for him to

resign and this will go on, and on. This will set a precedent. Our country will be chaotic because it has no foundation which protects the existence of the state."

Before the speech Mr Suharto had met nine religious and social figures and poured scorn on the idea of Mr Habibie taking over straight away.

The remarks notified his vice-president, Mr Habibie, had looked to Mr Suharto as a surrogate father since the age of 13. His own parents had died and he came under the care of the army officer in his home region of Sulawesi who would later become president.

And while so many of the president's allies were abandoning ship Mr Habibie remained loyal. But instead of repaying the devotion, Mr Suharto was ready to risk the very chaos he feared rather than even attempt an orderly transition.

As the only person other than Mr Suharto's six children who could talk to the president with anything approaching directness, Mr Habibie had made his disquiet known. He is said to have argued, respectfully, for the scenario Mr Suharto had earlier dismissed. Stepping down might risk further tumult, but staying would ensure it.

The cabinet was disintegrating, the capital was an armed camp, the threat of impeachment loomed and students had seized control of the parliament.

Less than nine hours after the last visitors left his Cendana family home on Wednesday night, Mr Suharto boarded a black Mercedes limousine with the licence plate "Indonesia 1". It made a short journey to the Merdeka presidential palace, the scene of his showdown with President Sukarno 32 years earlier.

Inside, he took the brief script agreed the night before from a military officer, fumbled with his spectacles and began to read into a microphone: a few minutes later Mr Habibie was sworn in.

The old regime had not collapsed, only changed management. Escorted by his eldest daughter, Mr Suharto got back into his car. While he was inside the licence plates had been changed. "Indonesia 1" had become "B 2044 AR".

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Germans in blind rush for sex drug

Our Correspondent in Bonn

GERMAN men are flocking into Switzerland to spend hundreds of pounds on Viagra in an attempt to improve their sex lives. This is despite warnings that the side effects could be far more damaging than previously believed.

With Viagra, dubbed Sexstasy here, unlikely to be licensed for prescription until the end of the year, German men are crossing the border where the drug is easily obtainable in Swiss chemists for around £270 for a box of 30 tablets.

The offices in Karlsruhe of the US company Pfizer, which manufactures Viagra, are being inundated by around 100 calls a day from German men anxious to get their hands on the impotence cure and alleged enhancer of sexual performance.

But in the southern city of Mannheim, German experts warned that the effects of the drug on eyesight were greater than suspected. Udo Jonas, a Hannover medical professor, told a congress of southern German urologists that the risks of impaired eyesight and colour blindness were estimated at 14 per cent as opposed to the previous rating of 2.7 per cent. A dosage double the strength of the drug had caused blindness in animals used for testing.

And in the United States, it emerged yesterday that six men have died after taking the drug. The exact cause of death is being investigated.

The urologists warned of the risk of "Viagra tourism" as the craze for the treatment

threatens to get out of control. "All of a sudden, it seems that all of Germany is impotent and it's not clear to me why," said urologist Klaus-Peter Juenemann. The experts dismissed as nonsense American figures suggesting half of American men aged 40-70 suffered periodic impotence and put the German figure at 2 per cent for men over 16.

The association of German apothecaries also called for a ban on mail-order supplies. Retailers have been advertising Viagra in the newspapers, reportedly triggering strong demand.

The urologists' congress also called for Viagra use to be restricted to diabetics and others suffering serious illnesses causing impotence.

Viva Viagra

Venezuela: A Viagra shipment earmarked for university experiments was stolen at Caracas's main airport to feed the country's black market, where it fetches about £12 per pill.

Egypt: Men are combing pharmacies for the drug. One man offered £50,000 for 50 boxes, each containing 30 pills. The offer was refused to give other buyers a chance.

Canada: Viagra could surpass milk, turkeys and petrol among bargain-hunting Canadians who cross the border to take prescriptions to a US pharmacy. It is not approved for sale in Canada.

Poland: Viagra is sold on the black market for about £50 for a packet of three pills.

Israel: Doctors are forbidden from prescribing it but a pill fetches £20 on the black market.



A two-week general strike and a closely fought general election campaign has left Denmark in a feverish mood as it faces a referendum on its future in Europe. PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDBARD

Sceptical Danes eye EU exit door

Immigration fears are dominating Denmark's poll on Amsterdam. **Stephen Bates** says it could become the first member to quit the union

DANES could throw a sizeable sceptical spanner in the works of the European Union on Thursday when they vote on whether to endorse last year's Amsterdam treaty.

With less than a week to go, the result remains in doubt. Although the Yes campaign is between seven and 10 points ahead, polls indicate up to 20 per cent of voters are undecided. If they vote No, the EU will be tossed into chaos.

It could just happen. Danes are in a feverish mood. In March they only narrowly rejected their moderate left coalition government — it came down to one seat in the Folketing. The country has just come through a bruising two-week general strike over wages and working conditions, which ministers had to bring to an end.

The last time Danes fulfilled their constitutional duty to vote on a treaty — Maastricht in 1992 — narrow No vote sent shockwaves across Europe. Only a series of opt-outs persuaded them to vote Yes a year later.

This time no opt-outs will be available. Brussels has warned bluntly that if they reject Amsterdam — which has to be ratified by all 15 member states before it can come into force — Denmark will either have to leave the EU or renegotiate its role.

Jacques Santer, the European Commission president, said: "There is no doubt that Denmark with another No would be in a completely different situation from 1992. The other countries will be willing to listen to Denmark's special wishes... but they will not adopt the same position with another No."

One Danish politician told Mr Santer to shut up, but that there is no doubt about the anxieties throughout Europe, where governments are wrestling with their own sceptical

populations. It would be the first time a major partner has dropped out of Europe.

Lars Nielsen, of the Danish European Movement, leading the Yes campaign, said: "Many of us definitely believe that a No vote would result in Denmark leaving the union. There would be no alternative."

Across Denmark this weekend, soundings give a flavour of the campaign. "How would you like a private pension?" warns one No poster, aimed at filling pensioners with uncertainty about state retirement provision.

Another, now withdrawn, warns against the EU's planned enlargement into eastern Europe. It said: "Welcome to 40 million Poles in the EU."

How the treaties work

THE Amsterdam treaty, less far-reaching than Maastricht, was agreed at heads of government summit last June. It is 140 pages long. Main points:

- Improve employment levels;
- Strengthen commitment to fundamental human rights and freedoms;
- Oppose discrimination, racism and xenophobia;
- Greater foreign policy co-ordination;
- Increased openness in EU decision-making;
- Improve consumer protection rights;
- Progress towards common defence policy;
- Increased police and judicial co-operation;
- After five years, move to common decision-taking on immigration, asylum and visa policies; opt-outs from this for Britain and Ireland.

Before any treaty can come into effect, it must be endorsed by each member. In 1992, the Danes

blocked Maastricht but the narrow vote was reversed after Denmark secured four opt-out provisions. It is difficult to see what opt-outs they could negotiate this time.

Only Denmark, Ireland and Portugal are committed to holding referendums on Amsterdam. The Danish constitution says sovereignty can only be transferred in "well defined quantities" without defining what that means.

In Britain, the treaty is currently passing through parliament and is due for ratification next month.

Previous EU treaties: 1957: Treaty of Rome sets up European Economic Community; 1972: Accession of Denmark, UK and Ireland; 1986: Single European Act sets up single market; 1992: Maastricht Treaty: single currency. Moves towards common foreign defence, security, justice and home affairs policies.

of a population of 5 million are immigrants and that includes other Scandinavians and Europeans as well as the Turks and Somalis on whom the debate has centred.

The two issues mix inextricably. In March's general election an elderly woman stood up at a televised debate of party leaders and asked now, if she went into hospital for a blood transfusion, she could be guaranteed to receive pure Danish blood. She was greeted not with ridicule but great seriousness by both politicians and audience.

Jens-Peter Bonde, of the Eurosceptic June Movement, said: "We will be turned into a colony. If we don't have a border we will not have environmental standards, or be able to prevent the import of lower standard products, or stop swine fever getting in, or preserve our welfare state."

The vote on Maastricht has given little Denmark a big reputation for Euroscepticism which it relishes.

As in Britain, sovereignty is a major issue. Scepticism also arises because Danes believe their politicians have never told them the truth about Europe.

In 1972, when Denmark joined the Common Market, they were warned prices would rise if they stayed out — but they rose when they went in. In 1982 they were told there would never be a single currency. In 1992, they heard that the EU would go no further.

If there are grounds for optimism in the Yes camp, they are that both main parties are on the same side this time. The re-elected Social Democrat prime minister Poul Nyrup Rasmussen is campaigning hard for the treaty he negotiated, as are the Liberals (conservatives).

Opposition is coming from the right and left, united on the border controls issue. Some believe they are voting too often on Europe. Lars Nielsen, of the Yes camp, said: "The reason we are so sceptical is because we are asked too often. We have to keep on going through the same old arguments."

Kohl minister plays race card to win votes

Ian Traynor in Bonn

GERMANY'S powerful finance minister, Theo Waigel, yesterday urged a halt to immigration, and called for the summary expulsion of foreigners found guilty of crimes and their families. He issued a resounding rebuff to the multicultural society as Germany's election campaign increasingly turned anti-foreigner.

Mr Waigel, head of Bavaria's ruling Christian Social Union (CSU), the regional sister party to Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats, told a pre-election congress that Germany must not become "a country of immigration", despite the fact that almost 10 per cent of the population are foreigners. While many of the eight million foreigners resident in Germany are making contributions to the tax and welfare systems, the vast majority, many of whom were born in Germany, are denied the vote.

The CSU's election manifesto, adopted yesterday, insisted that foreigners in Germany accept the country's "society and values".

Germany's best-known writer, Günther Grass, provoked a storm of protest and denials last year when he accused the government and the ruling parties of sponsoring and encouraging closet racism. But liberals will see Mr Waigel's speech yesterday as confirming the Grass charges.

The Bavarian authorities have just decided to deport the Turkish parents of a boy in Munich, an habitual of-

fender found guilty of more than 60 assaults or misdemeanours. The boy was born in Germany and the parents have lived here for 30 years.

The Waigel pledges strongly suggested that most political parties will whip up anti-foreigner sentiment in the four months to the general election. Earlier this week Mr Kohl warned that foreigners who "abuse their guest status" would be "thrown out" of the country, and the interior minister, Manfred Kanther, stressed his opposition to the "multi-kulti" society. All large west German cities are multi-cultural, with foreigners comprising up to 30 per cent of the population.

While declarations like Mr Waigel's have the effect of associating crime with immigrants in the public mind, figures to be released next week will show that foreigners' criminality is decreasing.



Finance minister Theo Waigel: anti-immigration

Yeltsin loses sympathy to warns striking miners

Leslie Shepherd in Moscow

PRESIDENT Boris Yeltsin criticised striking coal miners for blocking key railways and warned that their dispute over unpaid wages could cause "incalculable damage" to Russia. "The miners have clearly gone too far," he said in his weekly radio address.

Mr Yeltsin has often expressed sympathy with Russia's many workers who go months without pay, especially coalminers, who have been among his most loyal supporters. But yesterday he changed tack, reflecting his new government's resolve to stick to the budget. Mr Yeltsin said it could not keep printing new money to pay its bills. "Whom should the government take the money from — pensioners, students, med-

ics, teachers, metallurgists?" he asked, citing several other groups who are awaiting overdue wages. "Do they need [money] less than the miners?"

The miners' strike began as scattered protests but has gathered momentum over the past two weeks.

Strikers in central Siberia are camping out on the Trans-Siberian railway, and protesters have also blocked rail lines and highways in northern, southern and eastern Russia. They have threatened to block lines into Mongolia.

Prime minister Sergei Kiriyenko has pledged to resolve it, but said the government cannot endlessly subsidise wage-making mines. It wants to shut unprofitable mines, but has been reluctant to do so because many are in isolated regions where no other jobs are available. — AP.

Albanians give in on mediation

Jonathan Steele

ETNIC Albanian leaders in Kosovo made concessions yesterday as they sat down with Serb negotiators in Pristina to discuss the province's future.

Under pressure from the United States, they abandoned calls for international mediation by meeting Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic last week. Yesterday they dropped their insistence that they would only deal with Yugoslav representatives, so as not to accept Serbian jurisdiction in the province. The Belgrade delegation in Pristina included Ratko Markovic, the deputy prime minister of Serbia.

The Kosovo leaders are also being squeezed by the growing power of the guerrilla forces of the Kosovo Liberation Army, which says there can be no deal short of full independence.

The Albanians' spokesman, Blerim Selja, said the opening session of talks would "focus on the modalities for future talks and confidence-building measures". To cover their failure to get international mediation, the Albanians accepted an American presence in the form of Christopher Hill, the US ambassador to Macedonia.

The joint Yugoslav-Serb delegation came to the talks after Serbia lifted a four-day blockade of food shipments to Kosovo. The blockade was a signal from Belgrade that Serbia can use other weapons to show its strength besides its heavy police and army presence.

In what may be a further escalation of the fighting, a Serb helicopter and a MiG-21 fighter plane crashed yesterday in separate incidents. The Serbs cited "technical problems" and it was unclear if they had been shot down.

News in brief

Afghan forces exchange fire

The heaviest fighting in 10 months broke out north of the Afghan capital Kabul yesterday when Taliban fighters launched an attack on the opposition forces of Ahmed Shah Massoud, travellers said.

Taliban aircraft carried out heavy bombardments on villages and military camps as Mr Massoud's forces fired rockets at Kabul. — Reuters.

Arrests in Turkey

Turkish police yesterday arrested two gunmen and three other people suspected of organising last week's attack on the human rights activist, Akin Birdal. Police said the suspects were former members of an ultranationalist group. Mr Birdal was critically injured. — AP.

Mafia loses assets

Italian authorities took possession of more than 100 flats and numerous cars and other assets yesterday after a court ruled they belonged to the Mafia. The property was part of a luxurious resort in the

town of Bagheria, east of Palermo, police said. — AP.

Algiers bomb

A bomb exploded yesterday in a crowded market in an Algerian suburb, killing at least 15 people and wounding more than 30, hospital authorities said. At least three people died in a stampede after the bomb went off in the western suburb of El Harrach. — AP.

Saudi guilt

Saudi citizens were behind the June 1986 bombing of a military housing complex that killed 19 American airmen and wounded scores, a Saudi official was quoted as saying yesterday. Prince Nayef, the interior minister, told the Kuwaiti newspaper Al-Rai Al-Amm that the bombing "was executed by Saudi hands". — AP.

Bionic surgeon

French doctors this month conducted the first successful computer-assisted open heart surgery, with a robot performing the delicate procedure, the lead surgeon at Paris's Broussais Hospital announced. — AP.

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Edging on in Jakarta

The struggle is not over

THE DEPARTURE of Suharto is only the first shaky step. The advance of troops late last night into the parliament complex occupied by students is an ugly reminder of the potential for conflict. The cabinet announced yesterday by the new president was no more convincing than the praise from world leaders for the sagacity of his departing boss. Jusuf Habibie's inaugural speech on the previous day had announced conversion to reform and admiration for the students. His cabinet reflects none of this. Of course Mr Habibie had to ditch Suharto's daughter and his golfing chum Bob Hasan or court total ridicule. But a few moderate faces apart, most of the old guard remains and defence minister General Wiranto is now the power behind the screen. The appointment of Lieutenant-General Yunus Yosfiah — linked to the murder of five foreign journalists in 1975 — as information minister is particularly outrageous. It is foolish to take comfort, as some regional leaders did yesterday, in the for-

mal continuity of the change which has taken place. This is only a staging post in a continuing struggle between the long-trenched forces of Suhartoism — with or without the man himself — and those of a long-stifled popular movement which has found the historical moment to emerge. The power-holders are hardly likely to roll over: the real question is what strategy their challengers should adopt. The decision of the Muslim leader Amien Rais to call off his demonstration on Wednesday was correct. A mass uprising in the streets would have given the armed forces — who remain the main substance of Suhartoism — the pretext for repression. The argument for a breathing space may partly reflect the links which Mr Habibie (urged by Suharto) has built with part of the Muslim movement. But it is probably sound tactics. The disparate popular forces — the two Muslim organisations, the democratic FDI party led by Megawati Sukarnoputri, and the students — need time to analyse, regroup and hopefully unite.

Mr Habibie must expect to come under further popular pressure. Will he then have the wit or ability to bring in some real elements of the popular movement? This will require a serious commitment to civil liberties and democratic reform. Is there a

realistic chance of detaching a section of the armed forces to the popular side — without which no fundamental shift can be safely made? It is ludicrous to talk, as the official Golkar party is attempting to do, of Mr Habibie staying in power until the year 2003, according to the terms of the Suharto-rigged constitution. Even without his grandiose economic schemes, which appalled Western governments and financial institutions when Suharto chose him in February as his deputy, he is part of the same corrupt cronies system which his master created. A pause now will put pressure upon him to perform — and will probably expose his inability to do so.

Two immediate tasks lie ahead for the opposition. First, to challenge the attempt by General Wiranto to protect the assets of Suharto and his family. No genuine succession can condone the way that Indonesia has been looted for years — not just in the last few days of rioting. Foreign governments should help by offering to sequester the assets abroad of this unlovely gang. Second, the opposition forces should take the opportunity to condemn sectarian violence against the Chinese or anyone else. The protest has already been marred by unpleasant — though often unseen — bouts of violence. If the army wishes to provoke

conflict, this is where it may begin, following the example of Suharto who gained power on the back of a massacre. There are still dangerous times ahead.

A partial victory

The door reopens for workers

VIEWED IN isolation, the Government's Fairness at Work white paper appears to represent a surprising victory for the workers, in the sense that so much of the advance publicity suggested that it would be the employers who would come out on top. However, if viewed in the context of labour reforms over the last 18 years, it represents no more than a modest rebalancing of the axis of power between employer and employee in favour of the employee.

The key reforms of the Thatcher era — the cumbersome ballots procedure before strikes, the outlawing of secondary action, the closed shop and mass picketing — remain firmly in place, leaving Britain with the most "tightly regulated labour market" of any leading economy in the world, according to the Prime Minister's proud boast in the foreword. Nevertheless, the concessions granted to the unions are

not insignificant. They have probably gone far enough to both quell a potential political rebellion by Labour traditionalists and promote a genuine platform on which to build a new culture of partnership at work. This is especially so with the national minimum wage thrown into the equation, although judgment about its impact must be reserved until we see the level and scope of the proposed new wage floor.

True, the headline battle over recognition has been lost by the unions. The Government has decided upon a 40 per cent threshold in recognition ballots, far closer to the employers' negotiating position of a 50 per cent limit than the unions' simple majority requirement. But the granting of an automatic right to recognition where more than half the workforce are union members gives the unions an effective back-door route by which to promote their influence.

The abolition of the present £12,000 limit on unfair dismissal awards is also a welcome gift. It will prevent gun-brokers from firing people, including lawful strikers, unfairly in the knowledge that the worst thing they are likely to suffer is a bit of bad publicity when the case reaches an industrial tribunal. Now, they will be hit where it hurts: in the wallet.

Letters to the Editor

Black marks and 'Ol Blue Eyes

IT IS unreasonable of Mark Seddon (Letters, May 22) to expect Labour MPs to decide all by themselves how to vote in the Labour Party's NEC election, when they have grown accustomed to being told even what questions to ask. David Ross, London.

WHO needs MPs Question Time when you can ask your question on Tuesday (Stella McCartney, May 19) and the minister answers on Thursday (Jack Cunningham, Letters, May 21). Jim Golcher, Twickenham, Northants.

IF counterfeiters show such confidence in the euro even before it is officially issued (Euro note printing plate stolen, May 22), what more encouragement do we need? E J Zuiderveld, Cambridge.

HAVING read the torrid bludge that is the Diary of Bridget Jones, it is a matter of considerable delight that I can sit down to breakfast and indulge in the on-going trials and tribulations of The Other Half, Bloke, BF and so forth. But only once every two weeks? When the plotline is now at a crucial time? My flatmate and I are at our wits' end. Richard Rowe, London.

PULL yourselves together. All those pages devoted to Sinatra. He was a lousy actor who could sing a bit. Reinforcement of the "worth" of these people by the US-dominated free market III becomes you. Willie Croft, Dumbarton.

SO Frank, why did you call Frank? Is this the final final curtain? I think I got some EPs of you off charity shops. But your songs were always for people's older brothers. Even today. Now I'm a wrinkly like him. Noel Langan, Sunderland.

Crisis out of drama

THE wholesale resignation of the Arts Council's Drama Panel (Arts Council report grows, 21 May) is surely a clear indication that things are going drastically wrong. The arts are supposed to be held in such high esteem as the result of decades of government investment. All over the country unpaid individuals give their services to arts councils and performing arts companies. Such services are now carefully circumscribed and regular guidelines on "the financial impact of decision-making" is issued. But government cannot continue to underfund the arts and then accuse unpaid individuals serving as directors of "ineffective financial management" or, at worst, "negligence".

Politicians cannot back in the success of our film and theatre industries and then withdraw investment that has taken decades to develop the talent which will now dry up. Dr Anthony Field, Arts Council finance director (1987-1995), London.

Justice — abroad and at home

NOW that Lucille McLauchlan and Deborah Parry are safely home, we may expect an avalanche of criticism of Saudi justice. The lack of transparency leaves the Saudi authorities wide open to accusations of ill-treatment, whether justified or not, and for this they have only themselves to blame. Paul Brennecko, Douglas, Isle of Man.

THE two nurses had no trial which qualified as fair by our legal or ethical values. Anyone who asserts their

centre of cultural activity, installing intellectual hucksters, spivs and barrow boys at the top of arts institutions. The long-term effect will be to expunge all traces of the wayward, the oblique and the intellectually and morally complex from British culture. This is not a policy directed solely against "high" art. Its effects are visible as much in cinema and television as in museums, galleries, orchestras and theatre, dance and opera companies. Colin McCarthy, London.

MAYBE some regional theatres are wasteful, overburdened with administrative staff, and do not justify their subsidies (Please, no more money, G2, May 20). It is not the case here. The Royal Theatre, Northampton, produces professional theatre-in-education for schools and small-scale touring to village halls, as well as its main shows.

We have 10 main houses, three TIE and two community productions. We run sessions for teachers, produce writers workshops, contribute to a new writers feedback project, take skills workshops into schools, hold design open days, run a Youth Theatre, produce teachers resource

packs for productions; and, yes, we do new plays. Personally I think we give damned good value for money. Sean Alta, Royal Theatre, Northampton.

GREGORY Motson's excellent article on funding rings bells with us. We've done away with buildings completely and combine location, music, theatre and multimedia to attract an audience that wouldn't normally go to a presentation arch. (Frankenstein in the middle of a working Victorian pumping station, Quatermass And The Pit deep inside a quarry). I'm the company's only paid employee and we rely on freelancers, having managed to hone down the administration costs so that we can spend what little public subsidy we get on the show itself. Quatermass attracted an audience of over 5,000 and cost over £75,000. We received £5,000 from public subsidies.

Everyone involved in running the theatre and on theatre tours that rely on public funding is doomed. The emphasis has to shift away from conventional theatre spaces and towards a self-sufficient future that will attract broad new audiences. Caroline Potter, Producer, Creation Productions, Nottingham.

THE release of the nursing has deepened my concern for the plight of two young Palestinians held in Britain. I and many others are convinced of the innocence of Samir Alami and Jawad Botmei jailed for 20 years for the bombing of the Israeli Embassy and Balfour House in July 1994.

We ask that the same clemency be shown towards the two Palestinians, especially now that new evidence is being held by MI6, but not being disclosed by the Government under a Public Interest Immunity Certificate. Radia Bouziani, London.



We all cry when horses weep

DON'T have a TV. I just read Nancy Banks-Smith instead, and she's right about animals crying. I once found my spaniel in floods of tears on the doorstep when she'd got lost on a walk and run home. And when the French killed and ate their zoo elephant during the Commune, Victor Hugo recorded, "Il pleura!" Most touching, perhaps, is

the fallen horse, which Mayakovskiy's poem recorded as weeping with embarrassment in the icy Moscow street. "Listen horse," he wrote, "do you think you are a lesser creature than us? Little one, all of us, in some part of our being, are horses." I do hope he was right. Alison Prince, Whiting Bay, Isle of Arran

Blue heaven

LINDA Grant (A world of privilege apart, May 19) implies Oxford and Cambridge are not trying to encourage students from state schools to apply. In Cambridge, we are working hard to dispel outdated stereotypes and have been doing so for 20 years. Our own undergraduates visit well over 300 state schools and FE colleges each year, and there is a thriving programme to encourage ethnic minority applications.

This summer we are running a summer school for students from some of the schools with little experience of getting places. Ms Grant makes one specific reference to Cambridge as top of the league tables. That position is one we will strive hard to maintain. Attracting the best students, regardless of background, is the key to that. Sir Alec Broers, Vice-chancellor, Cambridge University.

WHY should state school

pupils waste time and energy on transforming Oxbridge from within? Why does Linda Grant imagine we "need" elite universities? I have never regretted my decision to reject Cambridge in favour of Sussex. I received an excellent education and avoided the boring task of proving my worth to a load of former public schoolboys. E Simmons, London.

HAVE things changed? In 1983, as a working class student, I went from a grammar school, where the main interests were rugby and my corps, to Oxford. I met Muslims, including the one I had only dreamed of, aged, sang, drank, learned the guitar and thought I was in heaven. Miles Wootton, Brighton.

We do not publish letters where only an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. The Country Diary is on page 10.

Act now to tighten rules on trade in lethal small arms

WE ARE all parents of children killed in the Dunblane massacre. We were horrified to see the Channel 4 programme Undercover Britain — Gun Law, screened on Tuesday. It showed how gun club members have been able to purchase and use guns as easily as concealing, as powerful and as rapid-firing as any handguns banned by recent legislation.

They can do so because of loopholes in the law exempting types of historical weapons from the ban. They did more than that. One gun shown in the programme had been imported new from the US. Another was a short-barrelled rifle as easily concealable as most handguns.

We urge the Home Office to give this matter top priority. By flouting the spirit of the legislation, gun enthusiasts are jeopardising public safety because of their dangerous obsession. We invite members of the public to write to their MPs and the Home Secretary to ask for action. Charlie Clydesdale and 15 other Dunblane parents.

THE industrialised world should take a cue from the US and crack-down hard on international small arms trade. This year the US has seen seven multiple shootings involving kids in schools, the most recent of which was Thursday's spree in Oregon.

The G8 is talking about computerised microchips in weapons to ease tracking, but this is not enough. The international community should stop tiptoeing around the US — home to many European-owned gun manufacturers — and call for regulation of the American domestic firearm industry. Ellen Freudenheim, New York, USA.

IT SEEMS that schoolyard murder is the price paid for the determination of a gun-wielding minority to cling to an anachronistic 18th-century amendment to their constitu-

tion. Perhaps, however, the constitution is not that great a barrier. An American friend told me that if she was President, she would ban the sale of ammunition. The Second Amendment gives Americans the right to bear arms — but says nothing about the bullets. Stuart Bonar, Royal Holloway College, University of London.

THE number of children shot in the US is fortunately very small and statistically presents a very small risk compared to other aspects of everyday life. One should ask why this 15-year-old was allowed back on school premises after he had been excluded for threatening to shoot his classmates and why he was bailed rather than held in custody for psychiatric testing. Nicholas Royall, London.

Public interest

PAUL Foot asserts (Tiptoeing by the truth, May 19) that the Stephen Lawrence inquiry is selective in the materials made public. Indeed it is, for instance where the wider public interest lies in protecting the identity of informants, or where lines of inquiry need to be kept secret.

The inquiry has had unprecedented access to documents, so some issues of confidentiality are inevitable. Mr Foot also cites as an example the statement of Duwayne Brooks. Remarks were deleted from it only to ensure fairness to all parties. It is also true that there have been some hearings in private; but these have been in the presence of the parties' representatives, and have only been in private because confidential issues, such as police intelligence issues, have had to be resolved. Stephen Wells, Secretary to the Lawrence Inquiry, London.

Foolish to think Suharto's fall is a triumph: everyone has been damaged except the very rich

Chaos at Crocodile Hole

Martin Woolacott



CROCODILE Hole is the evil-sounding name of the place near Jakarta where six Indonesian generals were murdered in the failed coup attempt that led to the replacement of Sukarno by Suharto.

After the troubles, it became a shrine. Visitors remove their shoes before passing in front of reliefs showing the war against the Dutch. Sukarno studying a book while plotters lurk in the background, the generals being tortured by communist women, and the arrival in

the nick of time, of General Suharto and his armoured cars. The reliefs do not show the later massacres of several hundred thousand followers of the communists, many of them killed by young Muslim activists. But they are a powerful statement of the basic principle of his regime, which is that Indonesian society, because of its ethnic, religious, and class divisions, will, if left to itself, collapse into anarchy and even civil war.

Although the youthful mass of Indonesians has no memory of the Sixties, the idea that an unfettered Indonesia would be a dangerous place will certainly have been refreshed by the riots and violence of recent months.

Today, in the nervous cities where middle class households form security patrols for fear of looters, the sense of vulnerability may be as marked as the sense of opportunity. Indonesian politics has, since at least the later years of Sukarno, revolved around the question of whether or not the country suffers from an inherent tendency to instability which

justifies authoritarian rule, or at least serious limitations on political freedom. The other argument, of course, was that this tendency to instability was an invention or gross exaggeration put out by those who had captured the state and wanted to hold on to it. With Suharto gone, the question moves once again out of the realm of theory into that of practice.

The difficulties of speaking frankly in an unfree society, and perhaps some Javanese preference for indirection, have meant that these matters have for years been discussed in a strange jargon made up of acronyms and generalities, with shifts of nuance doing the work of what would have been open debate in other countries.

Concepts like "SARA", for example, which is shorthand for "Suku, Ras, Agama, Antar Golongan", the ban on provoking ethnic, racial, religious, or class troubles, abound. The journalist Goenawan Mohammad years ago wrote an essay called A Thousand Slogans and one Poem, in which he deplored

the way in which the regime's propaganda had made everything into a dull code. But, still, it is a code that has some meaning. Pancasila, the founding Indonesian ideology, combines belief in God, humanitarianism, national unity, consensus democracy, and social justice. It is a shambling intellectual structure within which factions inside the regime, its defenders and critics have for years manoeuvred. This, with the counterpoint of violence on the streets and the regime's own violence against its opponents, has been Indonesian politics under Suharto.

Whether those politics have prepared the country for a transition to a pluralist and democratic system, or whether they have damaged that possibility is a question the next few months will answer. But it would be foolish to imagine that the mere departure of Suharto is any kind of triumph. Nor can Indonesia's problems be summed up by saying that the country needs a strong opposition leader — although that may be true — or an eco-

nomie new start, although that is patently true. The problems are rather that Suharto has left a legacy of division on two levels. His kind of development widened the gaps between the classes, and, in its collapse, has damaged all but the very rich.

His kind of politics also widened gaps, between different groups and institutions, notably the military and one wing of politically active Muslims. The divisions could dangerously interact.

As Suharto's comrades of the 1945 generation passed into retirement, the armed forces lost the lion's share of important civil posts and of the state sector economy.

The generals remained privileged and important, but had clearly lost ground. Suharto had already buttressed his position on the economic front by an alliance with Chinese-Indonesian entrepreneurs, who made fortunes for themselves and for the Suharto family. Later he reinforced his position politically by encouraging an Islamic

movement that co-operated closely with the regime. Members of that movement, embodied in the Indonesian Muslim Intellectuals' Association (ICMI), founded in 1980, sought to use Suharto even as he used them. Their hope was, by penetrating the government, bureaucracy and educational system, to create an Islamic society. Other Muslims, including the prominent moderate Muslim leader Abdurrahman Wahid, criticised this programme as thinly disguising the real objective of an Islamic state.

Some ICMI stalwarts also took up the idea of proportionalism in government, meaning that Muslims should get the 30 per cent of government and civil service posts to which their proportion of the population "entitled" them, and of affirmative action in the economy, meaning that Muslims should get a helping hand from Sino-Indonesian businessmen, on the Malaysian model. Men with Islamist ideas were even promoted within the military, although they remain a minority. Unsurprisingly, the ICMI

people were in favour of Suharto carrying on in power in 1993, when a number of retired service officers, many secular politicians, and leaders of the much larger and more moderate Muslim association, the Nahdlatul Ulama, were not.

The most serious tension created by Suharto's manoeuvres in the Nineties is that between the military and the new Muslim activists, so it is interesting that the men of the moment in Indonesia are the new president BJ Habibie, who is nevertheless a leader, or Amien Rais, also a member very recently against Suharto, and General Wiranto, the commander of the armed forces.

Amien Rais has fulminated against "Christianisation" and attacked Suharto's economic policies because good Muslims were not getting their share of economic action. The enthusiasm of some Muslim activists for "democracy" may well be linked to the idea that they would be the overwhelming

victors in a free election and the natural and permanent masters thereafter.

Suharto's political legacy is as problematic as his economic one. A reassertion of the political powers of the military, the pursuit of an Islamic state, or some kind of trade-off between Islamists and the army are not happy prospects. Fortunately, there is a substantial moderate Muslim movement, and there are significant secular and democratic political groups which have survived within the artificial party set-up that Suharto imposed, as well as a whole new sector of democratic organisations.

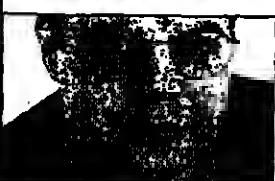
There may also be officers, who, while unwilling to give up the idea of a special and legitimate political role for the forces, understand that they cannot occupy as large a place in the scheme of things as in the past. Together, they should have a chance of trying to prove that Indonesia can have free politics without falling into the chaos that the Crocodile Hole symbolises.

Saturday opinion

For England's soccer squad, the barry army are on their own side of the stadium fence

Gazza and the aliens

Mark Lawson



IF ALL goes according to tactics, on Sunday July 12 a man who believes that he is a reincarnation will happily embrace in Paris a man whose greatest dream is to be abducted by aliens. They will both have come to this moment in part because of a middle-aged woman who is convinced that she has a personal hotline to God.

The commentators would not put it like that. They would say: "Hoddlings Gazza. England have won the 1998 World Cup!" They would probably not at this stage mention Eileen Drewery, the official England faith-healer, who is apparently content in the belief that a God who would let Ethiopia starve and Indonesia burn would yet intervene personally to ease the groin muscle of a particular young athlete from a particular country.

The England cricket team is followed around by a group of heavy-drinking supporters who style themselves the Barry Army. Recent reports suggest that, in the case of the England football team, the barry army is on the other side of the stadium fence. But it is fittingly millennial that football correspondents should find themselves doubling as reporters of the paranormal. For the saga of England's Team '98 is not solely a story about football but about a culture and a confused and confusing media.

What has happened to Glen Hoddle and Paul Gascoigne — and, to a lesser extent, the England captain, Alan Shearer, another recent headline villain — is that an idea from politics has been transported to sport. During the 1980s, American journalists developed the concept of "the character issue" as an

The Football Association understood that the admission of the character issue into sport would soon lead to empty professional playing fields, with England eventually represented in the World Cup by the Our Lady Of The Precious Blood Under-8s.

Realising that a tighter definition of relevance was required, the press have focused on Gascoigne's eating, drinking and smoking habits, arguing, with some medical plausibility, that the liver is connected to the kneebone and the stomach connected to the thighbone. This is a reasonable line of attack as numerous heroes of the English game (George Best, Jimmy Greaves, Malcolm MacDonald) were diminished by drink and two key members of Arsenal's current Double-winning side are reformed boozers. Footballers would be better without it — as, in all honesty, might some football writers be.

Gascoigne complains about media harassment but it is in his attitude towards the media that the most extraordinary paradox of Gazza's character lies. His chosen drinking companions are the broadcasters Chris Evans and Danny Baker. Nor is his friendship with them kept separate from their professional activities. Gazza's most recent television interview was on Evans's show, his last print interview was with Baker for the Times.

BOTH appearances caused the player further trouble. Evans persuading him to fool around with cigarettes on screen, Baker eliciting from his friend the confession that he believed in UFOs and hoped to be abducted by one. The Baker interview was compelling and revealing — and should be submitted for journalism awards — but the reader unaware of the drinking matters in a footballer's life would assume that it was the work of someone who wished to destroy Gascoigne. Gazza discovered that ink is thicker than blood, a friend with a newspaper contract is an enemy. The scary thing is not that he believes in extraterrestrials but that he apparently still has faith in Evans and Baker.

The England coach, Glen Hoddle, though so far silent on whether aliens landed at Roswell in 1947, has been vociferous in interviews on reincarnation and faith-healing. Mrs Eileen Drewery, his chosen layer on of hands, has contributed the oddest bit of football punditry ever by explaining that England's goalless draw in Italy resulted from an error in divine intervention. She sealed up the first half, but forgot that the slides changed ends at half-time, thus thwarting England's scoring attempts after the interval.

This is crazy stuff but, while it might be worrying to a political leader, who has the power to destroy lives on divine nods and winks, it scarcely matters in a football manager. What those who watch and write about sport must accept is that the character issue — a test of increasingly dubious merit in politics — is wholly inapplicable to sport.

Most of the greatest performers in sport have been egotistical and driven figures of limited intelligence, their psyches inevitably unbalanced by the presence in their bodies of one exceptional motor skill. Most of the greatest football managers — from Shankley, Ramsey and Revie through to Clough, Ferguson, Venables, Graham and Wenger — have been quirky and original characters who, for reasons of either manner or practice, would not have survived the primaries in an American election campaign.

Embracing as it may be, the fact that Glen Hoddle believes in a track-suited deity with a magic sponge or that Paul Gascoigne is packed and ready for a day-trip to the planet Zog has no relevance to their chances of winning the World Cup. Though that prospect — for entirely football-related reasons to do with tactics and the number of games required of English players each season — remains the most paranoid belief of all.

Women were angry, but the 'character issue' is wholly inapplicable to sport

excuse for writing about the private lives of public figures. This was necessary because the original excuse for prurience and intrusion — "the public interest" — had become tarnished through misuse.

The character issue was a kind of post-Freudian rewrite of the song about the thigh bone being connected to the kneebone. An additional twist was necessary because a student draft-dodger could not be trusted with supreme command of armed forces as an adult. Perfected during Bill Clinton's White House campaign, the character issue ought properly to have been killed off by his presidency, which has made a nearly unanswerable case for psychological compartmentalisation. Sexually reckless, he has remained politically cautious.

BUT THE character excuse was too useful for journalists. Once its foot was in the door, it wasn't going to go away. And so Paul Gascoigne has become the Clinton of English football, questions continually asked about whether his private behaviour disqualified him from his public role.

Gazza easily survived the first impeachment proceedings, which followed an admission of violence towards his wife. Many women were understandably angry that the player's international career survived these revelations. They suspected the authorities of cynicism: they needed Gazza in the team. But the forgiveness also had an element of practicality.



Buying the truth

Catherine Bennett



IT'S UNLIKELY that the Saudi Ambassador to this country found much to enjoy in last week's Panorama about the British nurses. At least the Death Of A Princess, which caused such offence in Saudi Arabia as well turned out, if a trifle harsh on adul-

terers. On Panorama, the Saudi were depicted as swartzy molesters of innocent British womanhood, led by the wolfish, stubble-stoking figure of the devil himself — Major Hamid.

Put Panorama in its risible perspective, however, and the week has surely gone better than the ambassador can ever have expected — unless he possesses a peculiarly shrewd understanding of the workings of British tabloids. The nurses may have started the week as the innocent victims of greedy Arab lust, but they ended it as greedy murder suspects.

The Saudis, on the other hand, have been rewarded with some of the most generous British editorial of recent times.

I began when Tony Blair, the top Sun columnist, said that the freeing of the nurses

was "a generous act by the King." How so? If the nurses were innocent, then an outrage had been perpetrated against them. Their freeing might be just, but it was hardly generous. It had depended upon the whim of an absolute monarch. In Australia, a relation of murdered Yvonne Gilford protested that the nurses had "got off light". Have the legal processes of Saudi Arabia ever before been criticised for their excessive leniency?

The nurses promptly sold their stories to the Mirror and the Express. Their intention — after making as much money as possible — was to proclaim their innocence and niceness. Inevitably, according to tabloid law, this meant that competitors of the Mirror and the Express would have to proclaim that the

nurses were really nasty nurses, possibly guilty as charged. In fact, if the PO code against payment for "convicted or confessed criminals" was to be invoked against the successful bidders, then the nurses' convictions had to stand. Which meant that the Saudi legal system had to be worthy of respect. And suddenly, it was.

In Blair's paper, the Sun — which has, in the past, denounced Arab states as "modern barbarians" — the Saudi Ambassador was awarded a full page in which to explain that "this was no kangaroo court, these nurses are guilty of a brutal murder". It was jolly decent of the courts not to have sentenced the women to death, Dr Ghazi A. Al-Saibani insisted. As for the lack of evidence, he said, "it was a gruesome case for me or anyone

The nurses began the week as the innocent victims of greedy Arab injustice, but ended it as greedy murder suspects

else to go around presenting evidence, presenting knives and all sorts of things that purport to convict." So that's why the Saudi courts are so squeamish about evidence. Too sensitive.

The Daily Mail, which last year questioned the evidence against the nurses, now

warned against "succumbing to a fit of sentimental xenophobia and rushing to put Saudi justice on trial." Could we be so sure, asked a leader, in a spirit of purest multiculturalism, that our judicial system is superior to the Saudi one? Well, yes, up to a point, we can. We rarely, for example, imprison people indefinitely without trial. Defendants have access to lawyers. Torture is no longer considered fair. The fact that we don't cut people's heads off any more makes most miscarriages of justice survivable. Last year, the Saudis executed 125 people, most of them foreigners. "Their ways are not our ways," the Mail conceded. "But in our society more moral or less crime-ridden than theirs?" Indeed it is not. Perhaps it has taken the return of the Saudi nurses to show us the way forward.

THE Independent decided that the women were convicted by "a properly constituted Saudi court basing its judgment on an old and hallowed body of law." True, their ways are not our ways — "But in a diverse world, we must tolerate different systems of trial and incarceration." In the same paper, Akbar Ahmed, the ubiquitous Islamophobia-spotter, scolded those who had shown ingratitude for King Fahd's "human kindness". In a perfect coda, a letter to the Times proposed that "those who respect the right of Saudi Arabia to determine its own criminal justice system should extend their sympathies to the Saudi authorities for the disrespect shown".

The most shameful aspect of the British media exposed by the nurses' return, is not its abject scuffling, nor that it pays for stories, but the way the outcome of a buy-up subsequently dictates the "truth". Here, the murder victim, once a "ruthless loan shark", instantly became a kind lover of children. Her previously avaricious brother became bereaved and mistreated. The angels turned into devils. Most importantly, an unfair trial, illustrative of a grossly unfair system, was depicted as a fair one, in which the women benefited from a lawyer the Mail described as the "George Clooney of Saudi Arabia".

It's true, the women did get preferential treatment. Normally, by defence lawyer is allowed in court. Normally, execution follows a murder conviction. According to a recent Amnesty report on Saudi trials: "The summary and secretive nature of trial hearings have made conviction and sentencing a simple exercise even when the penalty is of a grave nature such as flogging, limb amputation and death..." But now that our nurses, innocent or guilty, are back, who cares about that? Truly, King Fahd is both merciful and wise.

Anyone looking for a good time could try Birmingham. And leave Chicago for me

My kinda town

Matthew Engel



"I warn you, Jedediah, you're not going to like Chicago. The wind howls cold off that lake, and gosh only knows if they've heard of lobster Newburg."

IT WAS no week to be in Birmingham. You could be sitting in a pub minding your own business and at any moment Bill Clinton or heaven help you, Boris Yeltsin might slide up and demand to be included in the round.

The foreign journalists seemed a little bemused about where they were and what they were doing there. The New York Times described it as "this industrial city in the English Midlands" in the same tone of voice used for "this fly-blown, famine-ridden outpost in Southern Sudan".

Basically, Americans have only heard of three places in Britain: London, Stratford and Ed-in-borrow, and this was not one of them. Time will tell whether the world will now be aware that Birmingham is the second most important place in England. I rather doubt it. Second cities generally get a bad press. I happened to spend this week in Chicago, and I think it may be the most under-rated destination on earth.

The British at least know of Chicago, but it has two main connotations: Al Capone, and Mayor Richard J Daley's police force thumping Vietnam war protesters. Florida has become the new Blackpool, the the football young hit across to New York and California with less fuss than their grandparents made when taking the train to Southend. Hardly anyone bothers with middle America, and more fool you.

True, you have to time your visit pretty carefully. It's hotter than hell by July, and Orson Welles wasn't kidding about the winters. There was a heatwave this week, and walking got tough after a block or two, but the place still had its springtime freshness and glistered rather than sweated.

It's the colours that get me. On cloudless days, and there are plenty of them — the lake and sky kiss and mingle like giant lovers. Dusk in Chicago involves deep, deep blues of exquisite purity, shades that people now favour to paint their bathrooms. And the architecture is extraordinary. The original city had the good fortune, in the historic scheme of things, to burn down in 1871. The new one that emerged was a very American mix of boundless confidence and inferiority complex: Chicago wanted to get it right, and it did.

It isn't just the civic landmarks or the famous skyscrapers that are beautiful (though they are, and the Public Library looks like the Red Fort in Delhi). Everyone who comes here goes on about Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe. But I love the ordinary stuff. Even the Chinese Noodle Co. looks sure of itself in a way that would be

impossible amid the geographical constraints of Manhattan. Here, there is no westward check short of the Rockies. High or not, everything can be handsome and, above all, wide.

They use bricks with coarse red glazes that in other places would probably make the buildings look like public lavatories. But if you increase the scale, the results become totally beguiling. This is the modern Petra: a rose-red city, twice as big as Time magazine.

Hardly anyone bothers with middle America, and more fool you

had an Empire". She loves the look of the place too, but to hazard throughout the mid-West. But then Ms Morris has never been a baseball fan and never grasped the significance of Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs: a sports venue that has the look of the outside courts of Wimbledon but the feel of a particularly friendly neighbourhood bar. People come here to chat and meet girls rather than see their team win, and I think I love it even more than the cricket grounds of Arundel or Chesterfield or Worcester.

And Morris's famous essay was written in 1970. The last third of the century has been kind to Chicago. The centre has not been given over to either tourists or criminals. You can shop there without

feeling threatened or ripped off. Business has been helped by the convention trade, but the locals don't just haunt the suburban malls. It is a thriving, functioning, living city. The downtown areas of even small cities over most of the mid-West are no different to Chicago, as people like to tell you, works.

Much of the credit for this goes to Mayor Daley — not Richard J, but his son Richard M, who is now in his third term. (It is possible that this is a whole alphabet as well as a dynasty, and that Richard K and Richard L came in between and somehow we missed them.)

But you've never heard of him. He keeps quiet, because he is famously inarticulate. But all his father's placemen have gone, and he is surrounded by smart, skilful people. "Look at the freeway out to the airport," one Chicago friend told me, "and compare it to New York. It's beautifully paved, beautifully planted. God knows where the money comes from. If it's the Mafia, good luck to him. Suits me."

My kind of town? Hmm. I've never been there in January. But since rents are cheap, and unemployment is at a 24-year low, I expect I could get a job clearing tables in a Starbucks coffee house and find out. Don't you go there, please. Enjoy Birmingham instead or read the Travel section and do as the tour companies tell you. This is my secret. I don't want you lot turning up en masse and wrecking it. Anyway, I forgot to check about the lobster Newburg.

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Wolf Mankowitz

Making art an offer

ON *That Was The Week That Was*, the early 1960s satirical show, the large playwright and novelist Wolf Mankowitz, who has died aged 73, shouted at the diminutive critic Bernard Levin, who had stated him "Levin, you parasite! You suck my blood!" and seemed about to hit him. Levin looked on with stony indifference and the blow never fell. On another occasion Mankowitz, accompanied by six nubile girls, carried a midge coffin into Levin's office at the Daily Express, bearing the message: "This is the moment we have all been waiting for — to send a midge coffin for a midge critic."

These were revealing episodes. Mankowitz was the successful author of plays, television drama, novels and screenplays, but his literary efforts, whether pugnacious or sentimental, had about them something of the confessor or con-man. This was a breed that fascinated him and it may be no coincidence that he chose Casanova, essentially a con-man, as a subject on several occasions, including for his novel *A Night With Casanova* (1991), written after he had survived bankruptcy.

Tricksterism is an essential element of the artist, Mankowitz once told an interviewer. And certainly for two decades or more his clever, combative creations were everywhere, with novels like the semi-autobiographical *Make Me An Offer*, the musical *Expresso Bongo* and the film *The Day the Earth Caught Fire*.

Money-making was always Mankowitz's inspiration. He was born in the East End of London, the son of poor but culturally-aspiring Russian Jewish immigrants who sold books from a barrow in the East End. When Wolf won a scholarship to Cambridge, his father sold all his stock for £30 to allow his son to go.

The sight of his father's genteel poverty forced-feed the youth's appetite for deal-making. Years later, when Mankowitz ran an antiques shop in London's Piccadilly Arcade, he wrote: "There is something spiritual in the search of material to sell. There is an exaltation in buying it cheap and getting rid of it dear." His "search for material to sell" described his artistic as well as his dealer's methods.

At Downing College, where

aged 19, he met and married fellow student Ann Seligman, he prematurely gained a first in English and set himself up as an antiques dealer. He was especially interested in Wedgwood china, on which he wrote what remains a definitive handbook, *Wedgwood*. Almost everything he bought was for sale, though once in an unsuccessful attempt to keep an item to which he was attached he priced it at 10 times its worth, then doubled that at his wife's suggestion. He did hang on to what he claimed was the only Wedgwood Portland vase copy — one of the 40 made at the same time as the original for the British Museum and the only one in private hands.

As a boy, Mankowitz had seen a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* on his father's bookshelf; from that moment he had determined to be a writer. The life, trials and tricks of an antiques dealer was his obvious first subject. *Make Me An Offer* sold 17,000 copies within weeks of its publication in 1962. A *Kid For The Day* thing, the story of a boy who buys a one-horned goat thinking it is a wish-fulfilling unicorn, followed in 1963. Mankowitz continued with *The Bespoke Overcoat* (1965) about a Jewish tailor who pours his love into his craft.

Both the latter novels reached the stage and cinema screen, as did much of his 1960s work. With Oscar Lewenstein he presented Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*; with him, other impresarios or on his own, he also presented several notable plays, including Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* and Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*.

TROUBLE struck, however, in the 1960s with the collapse of *Belle*, his musical comedy about Dr Crippen, who murdered his music-hall artists wife and was caught on a liner with his mistress. Mankowitz's supporters argued that he was simply too early for his time — it was still an age when the term "good taste" had meaning. It was *Belle* that Levin found had "the sad flatness of flat champagne" and "shattering, indecently vulgar" lyrics, thus precipitating the arrival of the midge coffin.

Mankowitz's reaction to the stage setback was to turn to film scripts. *Expresso Bongo*



A talent from the fifties... "there was something spiritual about Mankowitz's search for material to sell" FRANK MARTIN

was the film of his own Soho musical opera that had been a long-running West End hit. Other scripts on which he worked included the Peter Sellers-Sophia Loren film *The Millionaire*, Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall's *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, Jess Anouilh's *Wages of the Tormentors* and the James Bond pastiche *Casino Royale*. In the 1970s, he turned to glossy biography with *Dick*

ens of London and a similarly lushly-produced *The Extraordinary Mr Poe*, in which Edgar Allan Poe's tragic alcoholism and love life was explored in a way less usual than now.

In the 1980s, when he was less in tune with the times, and publicly deploring television as a medium dominated by directors catering for viewers who ate as they watched, Mankowitz was declared bankrupt after the in-

land Revenue caught up with him for unpaid taxes on the height of his success. With characteristic combativeness, he fought back. He moved to Ireland to enjoy his tax concessions to artists, and then to New Mexico, becoming adjunct professor of English at the local university.

Friends defending him from the charge of lack of a true sense of humour pointed out that he had become the honorary Panamanian con-

sul in Dublin — one of the less onerous tasks in a stressed, debt and patchily successful life of many interests.

He is survived by his wife, Ann, and three sons. One son predeceased him.

Donna Barker

Wolf Mankowitz, novelist, playwright and scriptwriter, born November 7, 1924; died May 20, 1998

Face to Faith

An unorthodox approach to God

Madeleine Bunting

LAST THURSDAY night, Rabbi Shmuel Boteach was celebrating the publication of his book, *Kosher Sex*, with a champagne reception on a launch in the Thames with the likes of nightclub owner Peter Stringfellow. The book has been serialised in the Daily Express, and Boteach was even on the Richard and Judy TV show giving advice about how to put the spark back into your sex life.

Boteach is not behaving as you would expect an Orthodox rabbi to do and he is in deep trouble. This week, he resigned from officiating at the Willesden synagogue. He probably jumped before he was pushed. A few years ago, he resigned rather than be thrown out of the Lubavitch as the fury over the involvement of non-Jews in the L'Chaim society he had founded in Oxford reached its zenith.

The Orthodox rabbinate accuse him of bringing into disrepute the reputation and dignity of his office and of trivialising and sensationalising Orthodox teaching on sexuality. He argues that he is using the language of contemporary culture to communicate the relevance of Orthodox Judaism.

Thirty-one-year-old Boteach has a knack of stirring up a row wherever he goes. He is a shameless self-publicist, who uses Judaism as a vehicle for his own self-aggrandisement, say his detractors. With the former, Boteach would not disagree; with typical self-deprecation, to the latter he would object. He insists he is driven by wanting to communicate the rich wisdom of Orthodox Judaism.

The Jewish community in Britain is declining faster than anywhere else in the world. It has nearly halved since the war and is in crisis. The marrying-out rate for men is 40 per cent. But according to one unexpected ally last week, it will be a terrible indictment of Anglo-Jewry if they can't accommodate Shmuley.

A few days ago, a male Jewish friend who has married out was telling me of his alienation from Judaism, and his confusion about how and what sort of Jewish identity he would pass on to his three-year-old son. Boteach is familiar with such issues; he doesn't just judge and condemn. Strip away the buffoonery and Boteach has a compelling analysis of Anglo-Jewry's crisis and how to respond to it.

Firstly, he argues that at no time since the Second Temple (about 2,000 years ago) has a rabbinic grown so out of touch with its congregations. Terrified of losing their powerbase, its rabbis teach a Judaism formed in their own image — minutely legalistic and conservative, and it turns people off, particularly the young.

Boteach argues secondly that Orthodox Judaism is an ancient science of living which is about making people

happy. Judaism is not something which is miserable, dour and life-denying; on the contrary, it is about fulfilling your true human potential to love, be happy, wise and successful. Judaism is the faith which brings heaven and earth together in the one place; it makes all of life holy and good in God's eyes.

Boteach also believes that Judaism can win the debate against anyone, including Stringfellow and pornographers. Rather than retreating into a pious, uncontaminated huddle, he believes Judaism can and should compete in the marketplace of ideas. Judaism must enlist the intelligence of young Jews. They must not be taught to obey rules simply because they are rules, but be convinced that they work — they will make them happy.

Boteach is happy to debate with all Jews. Last year, Eliezer Taubman, president of the Board of Jewish Deputies, criticised him for agreeing to a debate with Jews for Jesus because it "legitimised" them. The bitter communal divisions between Orthodox, Reform and Liberal alienate young people.

Lastly, Boteach meets a concern I have always had about Judaism — namely, that it seems self-absorbed and preoccupied with its own survival for survival's sake. Boteach has a vision for Jewry's relationship to the non-Jewish

Boteach probably jumped before he was pushed

world. L'Chaim welcomed non-Jews; they could learn from Jews and, in that way, Jews would become confident of their identity. Boteach argues that strong Jewish identity is not created in isolated pockets of a ghetto culture contemptuous of modernity. It also serves Judaism's God-ordained purpose of being a "light unto the nations". Judaism is not a proselytising faith, but it has much to teach non-Jews. He wants Judaism shaping and influencing the world agenda in the same way as Christianity and Islam.

Boteach's aims are noble; whether he achieves them in the most skilful fashion is a moot point. Writing a book about sex grabs headlines, but, as he admits, people are focusing on the controversy not what he wrote.

But the dilemmas Boteach is facing as he promotes a mixture of modernity and traditionalism as an alternative to fundamentalism, deserves sympathy. Unlike most religious professionals, Boteach has listened closely to contemporary culture, and how to engage with it without compromising his faith.

Madeleine Bunting is the Guardian's religious affairs editor

Father Philip Caraman

In search of the Jesuits

THE Month, the leading periodical of the British Province of the Society of Jesus, has adopted many different editorial policies in its 130-year history. It has not, however, been remarkable for its literary distinction except under the editorship of Father Philip Caraman, who has died aged 86.

In 1939, Caraman went to read history at Campion Hall, Oxford, where he was something of a protégé of the then master, Martin D'Arcy. In 1942, he was granted into theological studies following D'Arcy to the Jesuit headquarters at Farm Street, London, shortly after D'Arcy was made provincial. There D'Arcy introduced him to the wide range of writers of his acquaintance.

Caraman served his apprenticeship on the Jesuit house magazine, *Letters and Notices*, and took over the *Month* at the end of 1948. He gave up the *Month* in 1963, between, he brought to the magazine a wide range of writers, including Edith Sitwell and Evelyn Waugh, many of whom became close friends.

Despite its high literary tone, the *Month* nonetheless remained fundamentally a journal devoted to the life of the spirit, and in particular to the history and spirituality of English Catholicism. In 1966 Caraman was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Caraman had been born one of nine children in Golders Green to an Armenian father and an Italian mother, devout Catholics both but far removed from the tradition of recusancy he im-

bibed as a schoolboy at Stonyhurst. He entered the Jesuits in October 1930, and was ordained priest in September 1935. His first book appeared in 1951 and he went on to write a series of works about (mainly Jesuit) heroes. He also put together two collections of readings on Catholic life under Elizabeth I and in the first half of the 17th century.

It was natural, then, that in 1969, while still in charge of the *Month*, he should have been given the task of promoting the canonisation of the English martyrs, a cause he continued after he relinquished the editorship in 1983. The reasons for his dismissal never became public, but he was not a popular figure with some Jesuit historians, whose study of the recusants was



Caraman... restless energy

undertaken with less flair but with, perhaps, more attention to detail. And others at Farm Street were uneasy in the presence of the crowd of rather colourful assistants, including a number of young women, whom Caraman had gathered around himself.

A friendly bishop now invited him to Norway. He went, the first of several visits, learning the language and serving as a parish priest. He continued to write, especially books on the Jesuits in Rome, in Paraguay and in Ethiopia. His last volume, published in April, is on Jesuit missions to Tibet. He wrote a biography of the founder of the Jesuits, Ignatius Loyola, claiming to have identified an illegitimate daughter of the saint. This section was left out of the published version.

After he left Farm Street, Caraman rarely lived for long in any one place until, in 1986, he was invited to become parish priest in Dulverton, Somerset. Increasing frailty forced him to give up the post at the beginning of this year, and to retire to the nursing home where he died.

He was a man of great courtesy and enormous charm, of an unobtrusive spiritual life and abundant, restless energy. In his writings, he served the Society of Jesus well, and was honoured for his scholarship by promotion in 1973 to a "professor of the four vows", the highest rank in the rather arcane gradations of the society. It was a well deserved reward.

Michael Walsh

Philip Caraman, Jesuit priest, editor and author, born August 11, 1911; died May 6, 1998

Weekend birthdays

AFTER the passing of Sinatra, Bob Dylan, 57 tomorrow, is the only male singer to occupy the centre of white America's popular music.

The Sicilian teenager from Duluth listened to the outsiders, Leadbelly, Blind Willie McTell and, most of all, Woody Guthrie. Yet Dylan and Sinatra were two skinny kids both once seen as rebels and icons for their generation. An icon, says Dylan, is just another word for a washed-up has-been. And despite some ephemeral criticism over the years, Dylan has never been that, as the cult sapphire of his *Time Out Of Mind* album proves. He never listens to his old records, he says, doesn't want to be undressed by himself, so some how, despite the structures of money and celebrity that should have caged his art, he stays in time, keeps to the trade, stays on the road. Sinatra took other people's words, Dylan takes other people's lives and makes of them his own United States.



Today's birthdays: Rubens Barrichello, racing driver, 26; Craig Brown, satirist, 41; Juliet Campbell, mistress, Giron College, Cambridge, 63; Sir Hugh Casson, architect, 90; Joan Collins, actress, 64; Nigel Davenport, actor and trade unionist, 70; Walter Eltis, economist, 65; Martin Goring, actor, 68; Lord Grenfell, senior adviser, World Bank, 63; Graeme Hick, cricketer, 32; Anatoly Karpov, chess player, 47; Humphrey Lyttelton, band leader, broadcaster, 77; Martin McGuinness, Sinn Féin MP, 48; John New-

combe, tennis player, 54; Peter Preston, editorial director, Guardian Media Group, 60; Robert Sangster, racehorse owner and breeder, 62; Arrie Shaw, jazz musician, composer, 88; Keith Wiseman, chairman, Football Association, 53.

Tomorrow's other birthdays: Stanley Baxter, comedian, 70; Eric Cantona, footballer, 32; Tansu Ciller, economist, former prime minister of Turkey, 52; Dominic Grieve, Conservative MP, 42; Kathleen Hale, children's author and illustrator, 100; 66; Baronesse Hollis, junior social security minister, 57; James Levine, conductor, 55; Liz McColgan, athlete, 34; Adrian Moorhouse, swimmer, 34; Steven Norris, former Conservative minister, 52; Priscilla Presley, actress, 53; Luke Rittner, former secretary-general, Arts Council, 51; Leo Sayer, singer, 50; Archie Shepp, jazz musician, composer, 61; Prof Jeremy Treglown, biographer and English scholar, 52; William Trevor, writer, 70; Arnold Wesker, playwright, 66.

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

THE NAME of Dr Jimmy Jeffries, spelt correctly here, was misspelled throughout his obituary on Page 22 yesterday. The name of his obituarist, Derek Granger, was also misspelled. Apologies, particularly to Dr Jeffries's family.

HALFWAY through a report headed, Nurse loses first passive smoking case, Page 11, yesterday, Sylvia Sparrow, the nurse in question, became Mrs Swallow. Our apologies.

ON PAGE 4 of the Editor today, we repeat the error corrected in yesterday's paper, saying the two British nurses released in Saudi Arabia, were pardoned. They were not. The Editor page was preprinted.

IN THE Friday Review's feature about films due for release this summer, we attributed the musical, *Les Misérables*, to (Andrew) Lloyd Webber. The music for *Les Misérables* was the work of Claude-Michel Schönberg; the libretto was by Alain Boublil.

WE HAVE it on good author-

ity that the fragment of the Dead Sea Scrolls used to illustrate an item headed, Somewhere for the weekend, Page 4, Guardian Travel, May 15, had been reversed.

IN THE Networking feature, Page 17, Online, May 21, we said, "The network," as Oracle keeps reminding us, "is the computer." It is not Oracle that keeps reminding us, but Sun Microsystems — the phrase is one of the company's trademarks. Apologies.

IN THE Saturday section, Page 4, May 18, an article headed, Videos go to the wall, was illustrated with photographs some of which were captioned, *Freestarter by the Prodigy*. They actually came from the Prodigy video *Breathé*.

It is the policy of the *Guardian* to correct errors as soon as possible. The office of the Readers' Editor will be closed on Monday. Next week readers may contact the office by telephoning 0171 233 5688 between 11am and 5pm. Tuesday to Friday, Surface mail to Read-

ers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER. Fax: 0171 233 9897. E-mail: readers@guardian.co.uk

Death Notices

SMITH, The Rev Martin, Vicar of St Luke's, Stocking Farm, Leamington, died suddenly Tuesday 19th May. Much loved husband of Mary, son of Rev and Mrs Smith, brother of Philip, Stephen, and Hilary and friend of John, William, and Hilary. Buried in St Luke's Church, Stocking Farm, Leamington, on Friday 22nd May. Funeral service at 11.30am on Saturday 23rd May at Stocking Farm, Leamington. Donations to St Luke's Church, Leamington, or to the Leamington and District Diocesan Fund, Leamington, or to the Leamington and District Diocesan Fund, Leamington, or to the Leamington and District Diocesan Fund, Leamington.

MADDOCK-LYON/NUHES, Nicholas John Maddock-Lyon will be married to Joanne Leigh Nuhes on Saturday 30th May at 11.30am at the Church of St. Mary, 109 Wardour Street, London, W1V 3TD. The bride is the daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Nuhes. The groom is the son of Mr and Mrs J. Maddock-Lyon. Reception at 1.30pm at the same address. Telephone 0171 753 4567 or 0171 753 4128 between 5pm and 5.30pm.

Marriages

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A Country Diary

SNOWDONIA: Cuckoos were calling over the multi-green canopy now draped All-wen and all that crumpled cragland overlooking the level pastures of the former Traeth Mawr, inland from Porthmadog, as we went up over Mynydd Gorthwyn. The sun was hot on our backs on the stiff pull up to the 1,811ft top of Moel-Idu — and that was the gorgeous bulk of Moel

Hebog, the hill of the hawk. HRC Carr was right about Moel Hebog. He called it "Boddgaler's mountain" in 1924 and many people reach the summit from that village set beautifully at the confluence of the Glaslyn and Colwyn. Looking down on the village from Moel Hebog's cairn, we could make out St Mary's church, in the middle ages the seat of a priory which Bishop Anian called in 1286 the second oldest religious house in Wales (after

Bardsey). Then we were atop Moel Lefn, the smooth hill. The grand ridges swung round over Mynydd Tal-Farnedd, allowing a complete horse-shoe of Cwm Pennant, which now lay revealed to us. Cwm Pennant, a pastoral, green delight punctuated with splashes of gorse gold, echoing to a thousand lambs' calls is drained by the silver Afon Dwyfor so beloved by David Lloyd George that he was laid to rest on its banks. ROGER REDFERN

May ha

M&S

Carlton PolyGram film are

Microsoft battle to start of U

New Year in New York

F

مكتبة الامم المتحدة



The great gas switch generates more heat over prices
Page 11

Alchemists of corporate finance spirit away businesses for sale from their trade rivals

Fosters & GrandMet
£250m
800 pubs
Jomura
1995

Angel Trains
£700m
Rolling stock
Nomura
1996

Minister of Defence
£1.7bn
Housing
Nomura
1997

David Bowie
£30m
Back catalogue
Painstock
1997

Fosters & GrandMet
£1.2bn
4,300 pubs
Nomura
1997

William Hill
£700m
Bookmakers
Nomura
1997

Rod Stewart
£9m
Back catalogue
Nomura
1998

Roadchef
£175m
Service areas
Nikko
1998

Banks go on buying spree

Middlemen are taking risks — and reaping big profits. In the jargon, it's called principal finance. **Lisa Buckingham** and **Julia Finch** investigate



Under new management... Roadchef's services on the M6 at Sandbach, Cheshire are now owned by Japanese bank Nikko

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS THOMSON

IT BEGAN as one of the cleverest financial wheezes in town. But last week, as two giant Japanese banks battled over who should control just 12 UK motorway service stations, it took on the elements of a grudge match.

The battle for Roadchef, the third largest motorway services company, finished as a head-to-head confrontation between Guy Hands, £40 million-year head of Principal Finance at Nomura, and his former acolyte, Keith How-

ard, who now heads a similar operation at Nikko. The Roadchef business changed hands for £175 million, a price market watchers say was substantially sweetened by the rivalry between Howard and Hands.

Unlike similar contests only a while back there was not a trade bidder to be seen. Granada, the owner of Little Chef, almost certainly ruled itself out of the auction on monopoly grounds. But Welcome Break might have shown its face along with a

number of other hospitality groups. This is not a one-off. Over the past three years City boffins have swiped businesses after business away from buyers who have spent a lifetime learning their trade. They can raise money more cheaply than trade rivals and their alchemy is called principal finance.

If all started with the housing boom of the late 1980s. Clever bankers saw a way to package up their mortgage books and pass the risk to

others in return for up-front cash. Investors bought the bonds because the risks of default were reckoned to be minimal. In return for steady income from mortgage interest payments, the bondholders would experience relatively few problems with arrears and repossessions.

It was called securitisation and it quickly caught the imagination of the some of the Square Mile's fanciest financiers. But Guy Hands had bigger ideas. Why shouldn't his bank

take the risk itself and reap all the huge profits? At the same time he dared to apply this City rocket science not just to the rarefied world of mortgages and credit card debts, but to ordinary high street businesses — anything that generated a fairly reliable income stream.

His employer, the American investment bank Goldman Sachs, did not share his enthusiasm, but the huge Japanese finance house Nomura quickly grasped the potential.

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Amsterdam	FLG	265	465	855
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AT only 38, he is the granddaddy of British principal finance. A dynamic Oxford economics graduate and father of four, Hands is believed to have earned £40 million last year — £110,000 a day.

Guy Hands

A tough taskmaster, last month he told his 70 staff to review their positions. Those unable to justify themselves are leaving.

Robin Nydes

AMERICAN-born 40-year-old is head of structured finance at Daiwa in London and earns millions of pounds a year.

Keith Howard

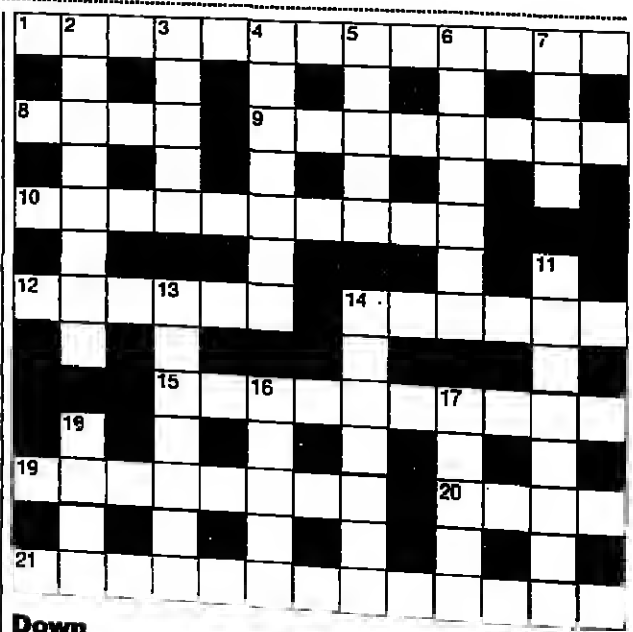
AGED 35, he was Guy Hands' right-hand man at Nomura before leaving to head a rival group at Nikko. Howard, who was born in New York, came to Britain in 1992, to join Warburg's investment bank.

He is a private, single man, who lives in Kensington and laughs about the probability of him ever buying a Ferrari.

Quick Crossword No. 8755

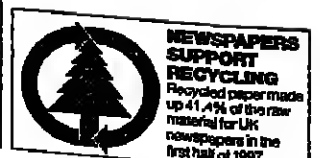
WITCHDOCTOR
ELPHINSTON
MELBOURNE
AWARD CULPRIT
REVIRE SCRAPE
AR E O R D
SPONSOR NOTED
P R L A Y I
E R I N T A C T I C
P U V I O E N
S I E R R S C L E A R

Solution No. 8754



- Across
- 75% (5,8)
 - Slight — smear (4)
 - Confederation (8)
 - High-ranking clergyman (10)
 - Robust (6)
 - Breaking of a rule (6)
 - Did well — waved (10)
 - Beaten (8)
 - Common sense (4)
 - Person over rail terminal (7,8)

- Down
- Mirth (8)
 - Ground (5)
 - Degree of excellence (7)
 - Moslem Supreme Deity (5)
 - Tread heavily (7)
 - Boulder (4)
 - Timetable (8)
 - Mirror — think about it (7)
 - Ennu (7)
 - Surpass (5)
 - Air passage in skull (5)
 - Fingered — soft material (4)



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Melanie McFadyean on the wasted life of a child film star 18



saturday

May 23 1998



This woman is the 21st-century equivalent of a domestic servant. But she doesn't do cleaning or cooking. Employ her and you're buying something far more valuable — a respite from the pace of modern life. By **Tania Unsworth**

Time for sale

Carol Reade is driving fast down Route 280 towards San Jose in California. She's got a mobile phone wedged under her chin, a file of papers in her lap and a list of things to do that would throw the average person into a panic. But as always, she's utterly calm. As head of a company — It's About Time — that exists to get things done for people too busy to take care of their daily existence, Reade is an expert in organisation. Here in Silicon Valley, there is no shortage of clients: people with long working days and high maintenance lifestyles for whom leisure has become the ultimate luxury. They may be able to reach Tokyo at the touch of a mobile phone but they haven't got a minute to take out the rubbish. They can shop for a new car on the Internet but they've forgotten the last time they had a weekend off.

It's a trend that's spreading. In a world of galloping technology where travelling 3,000 miles is a normal weekly commute for many, time is fast becoming the most precious of all non-renewable resources.

Nobody understands this better than Carol Reade, time entrepreneur. She's a new kind of domestic servant, a 21st-century Jeeves, complete with pager, four-wheel drive and access to the World Wide Web. For \$25-35 and upwards an hour, she can organise your paperwork, sort out your cupboards, help

with personal shopping, travel preparations and theatre tickets.

Need a good cleaner, plumber or gardener? Reade will find the right person. Must buy gifts for clients, decorate your house, throw a cocktail party or get your car licensed? She'll take care of it. She'll even write your thank-you notes.

Lack of time is becoming many people's number one problem. In the UK, we work longer hours and take shorter holidays than any other country in Europe. Almost half of us now work more than 40 hours a week. And many are having to conform to the so-called "24-hour society". More than a million Britons are still at work between 8pm and 11pm.

"I've no doubt Carol could set up shop in London and make a fortune," says Richard Irwin, one of her customers who is the British head of a computer company with business on both sides of the Atlantic. "At one stage, I was travelling to the UK and back twice a month. Then I got divorced and Carol helped me move and sort things out."

"I went out to work from my old house and returned at the end of the day to my new one. And everything — down to the last knife and fork — had been put in the right place. There are a lot of people like me in America and the UK who lead a frenetic kind of life."

Even if the actual time spent at work hasn't grown, it can feel that way. In America, surveys have found that on average people are

working less than they did 30 years ago. So why do they still report feeling pushed for time?

According to the surveys, all the free time gained in recent years has been swallowed up in extra television watching. In addition, an increased pace of life makes everything seem rushed. "We can download something from the Internet 5,000 times faster today than we could five years ago," says John Little, President of Portal Software and one of Reade's regular clients. "It's not that everything is speeding up — cars and planes don't go much faster than they did 20 years ago, and we certainly aren't walking or running faster — but what's changed is that there's less and less 'dead time' between things. Event and experience happen closer together."

Every 60 seconds, a million transactions are processed by the New York Stock Exchange (in 1900 there were barely 2,000). Our idea of how long something should take is constantly being re-evaluated. With the speed of personal computers, the speed of doubling every 18 months, the five seconds or so that it takes to get your e-mail can seem like an eternity.

What makes it feel that way is the fact that we know it could be done quicker with the latest updated technology. Instant gratification has become an end in itself.

Carol Reade ... rushing around so that others may rest

PHOTOGRAPH ROBERT GUMPERT

We don't want to travel, even in hope. We just want to arrive. The trouble is, we don't think any faster than before and our minds are no better organised. We just think they should be.

Which is where Carol Reade comes in. With one (speed-dialled) phone call, she can take the burden of a myriad time-consuming decisions off your back.

Some of Reade's time is spent running mundane errands. She picks up a pair of shoes that need to be re-soled from the office of a thirtysomething businessman and drops them off at the shoe repairers en route to Willow Glen, a prosperous little neighbourhood where two of her clients have just moved in. Carol and Sean Finn are a couple of wealthy Silicon Valley executives for whom Reade has worked for several years. But despite having organised four moves for them as well as remodelling their house, she has only met them three times. "We communicate by e-mail. Actually it's not that unusual. Some of my clients I've never met at all."

Donna, an employee of It's About Time, is waiting at the Finn's house. The company now employs five people full-time and many more part-timers and is in the process of further expansion. Donna wants to know what Carol thinks of a new rug and table that she bought for the house. **page 14**

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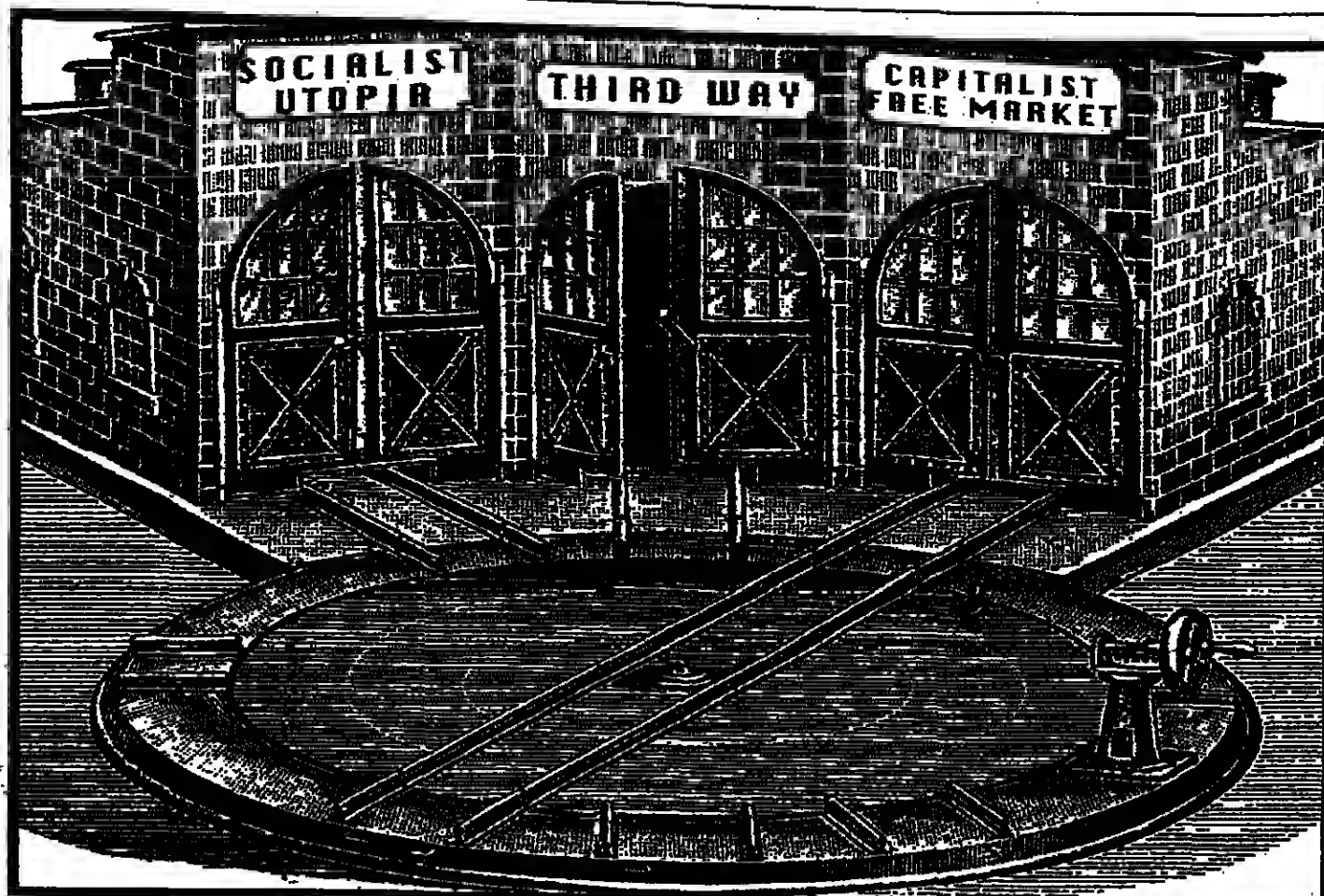


ILLUSTRATION: JOHN DUGDALE

Is there such a thing as a Third Way in politics?

Yes

Anthony Giddens
Director
London School
of Economics

No

Hilary Wainwright
Editor
Red Pepper
magazine

Dear Anthony Giddens, I'm afraid that, when I hear references to the Third Way, I reach for my sick bag. The nausea began when I heard John Prescott justify the first steps towards privatisation of the London Underground: "Privatisation? Good heavens, no. It's a new approach: a third way." It grew worse when Stephen Byers explained education action zones, an opportunity for private business to earn profits from education, as the Third Way. The nausea became uncontrollable when I went to lecture in Brazil, where Tony Blair had invited President Cardoso to join him in developing a third way.

I'd just read your piece in the New Statesman. I was sympathetic to what you said about "experimenting with non-orthodox forms of democratic participation" and the need for a "positive attitude of partnership with agencies in civil society". But the phrases seemed like a smokescreen for a very different practice. Blair's choice of partner in Brazil was negative to the most powerful agency of civil society — the landless movement. Cardoso's main political ally is the landlords' party. And it is the political opposition, the workers' party, which is experimenting with participatory forms of democracy. These contradictions point to what really makes me sick: the use of a discourse from an honourable new left tradition (from E.P. Thompson through to Ken Livingstone's GLC) to legitimate policies which take the line of least resistance to those with wealth and power. Tony Blair's insistence on the Confederation of British Industry's 40 per cent requirement before a union can be recognised is the latest example. How can this be described as a positive attitude to the agencies of civil society?

Hoping you'll clear some smoke, Hilary Wainwright

Dear Hilary Wainwright, Your letter seems to me very formulaic. Third Way politics are about coping with the residue of two failed sets of doctrines, those of the new right and the old left

(which you perversely call "the new left"). The Third Way isn't an attempt to find a compromise between these, but to go beyond both. We live in a world of social, political and economic change, and those who wish to preserve the values of the left must confront the implications. The collapse of socialism, the rise of the global information economy, the impact of instantaneous electronic communication, the shrinking of the traditional working class, the emancipation of women, the shifting nature of sovereignty, the centrality of ecological risk — I don't believe that nostalgia for Ken Livingstone's GLC is a convincing response to such transformations. The challenge today is to create a society which is economically prosperous but also inclusive. Nothing much hangs on the term Third Way, which has a dubious past. What is at issue is the renewal of the democratic left, a project that is a core concern of yours too. Forget your sectarianism: it was one of the worst aspects of the old left. Enter into the debate in a direct fashion.

All the best,
Anthony Giddens

Dear Tony, I was disappointed that you should name-call rather than answer my concern: the contradictions between your aims, many of which I share, and the government practice explicitly justified as the Third Way. If theory is to be serious, not just justify political fudges, surely it must assess actual policies? The importance of experience made Livingstone's GLC relevant, not nostalgic. Here was a practical attempt, messy and incomplete, to administer public resources in a new, participatory way; to go beyond both neo-liberal and Keynesian economics, to develop innovative partnerships with civic organisations, addressing the changes that you describe. If ideas about new forms of democracy are to be grounded, we must pay close attention to this and other (international) experiments. I only bang on about it because

there is a wilful attempt to delete it — and the whole experience of the libertarian left — from political memory. You do it yourself. I'm not being perverse to distinguish this eclectic left from the old, social democratic or communist left. It's a significant fact — unless parties representing this left elsewhere are a figment of my imagination.

The central problem for any genuine alternative must be how to regulate predatory multinationals through civic movements and new forms of world governance. This is where I come up against the Third Way of Blair and Clinton. How would you address this threat to all forms of democracy, participatory and parliamentary alike?

All the best,
Hilary

Dear Hilary, We need a lot more theoretical progress, simply because of the inadequate nature of the old ideologies. The Third Way isn't as yet a fully-fledged political programme, but I do feel that such a programme is being created. Given the global character of the socio-economic changes we are living through, I believe it is essential that the debate isn't parochial. The Blair Government can play a major part in this by promoting dialogue between centre-left parties in the US, Europe and elsewhere.

You decry Labour's approach to funding the renovation of the London Underground. That approach involves government working in conjunction with business to rejuvenate an essential public service. Unless you believe that all such projects should be carried out purely by the state, I don't see that there is any kind of principle here. Why shouldn't parallel endeavours be considered in education too? I do have a fundamental point of disagreement with you. You appear to suggest that anything to do with business corporations must be bad. But business enterprise is essential for economic prosperity. It doesn't make any sense to say that "the corporations" are a "threat to all forms of democracy".

All the best,
Tony

Dear Tony, What is noxious about private funding of the London Underground and education is not private money itself, but the principle of control over assets and service delivery that private companies gain, and will keep on gaining, in exchange. Companies do not put up money like a bank does. They want ownership and control of urban infrastructure. As we know

from the railways, they run it for profit and where service improvements reduce profits it's the service that suffers. Such basic services should be run by elected public bodies; it's the only way to ensure that they are controlled in the public interest. Private corporations should contribute by paying rather than evading their tax. The challenge is to democratise public administration to respond to the diverse needs of the public.

As to the threat that multinational corporations pose to democracy, for parliamentary democracy, it is well-documented that US intervention against elected governments in Latin America has been corporate-driven. As for participatory democracy, just take the moderate attempts to introduce industrial democracy here. "Over our dead body," said the CBI. A democratic and decentralised state does need partners. But its main partners should be democratic civic organisations, in the community as well as the workplace; co-operative and community businesses, as well as trade unions and voluntary organisations, not unaccountable concentrations of wealth.

Long may the debate continue in theory and in practice!
Hilary

Dear Hilary, I don't think we are as far apart as we seemed to be. In my view, the debate about public ownership versus privatisation is over. We should be pragmatic about it, but recognise that privatisation is never just a matter of economics. It has social and cultural implications, too, which have to be weighed in the balance. I don't agree with your argument about ownership. A basic part of third-way politics is to stress that state ownership is not the same as public control. Partnership should mean just that. There are many services, including the London tube, which should be turned over to the private sector, where private investment should go along with public governance.

There's still a sticking point over the corporations. Large corporations have got up to all sorts of tricks in many parts of the world, including Latin America. But states have wreaked far more havoc in the world than has even the nastiest business corporation. You still seem to me to have the old left bias against wealth creation. Most countries, including the very poorest countries in the world, have to attract inward investment if they are to prosper. With best wishes,
Tony

Smallweed



TO CONTINUE. In an elegant 17th-century ruin not two miles out of Heckmondwike, a shameless demi-mondaine was intertwining herself in the fronds of a huge aspidistra. "Pray desist, my beloved, I beg of you!" pleaded her beau, Archie Kell, in the abject tones of a supplicant mendicant. "You are making my rapturous view of your lovely..."

We interrupt the proceedings for news of a vital breakthrough in the long-running quest to discover why John Major talks as he does. As analysts have noted, he frequently resorts to expressions which are, as he might say himself, a couple of warheads short of the full nuclear package. Smallweed suggested some time ago that these "Majorisms" are in fact clichés in someone else's language, suggesting that "Major" is not the real John Major at all, but a replacement planted here by some foreign agency.

Now evidence has emerged which suggests that my incubations were right. A column in the Mail by Ephraim Hardcastle says that as "Major" works on his memoirs, it's emerged that he has no recollection of sizeable chunks of his life. His sister, Pat Dessoy, is quoted as saying that he only recalls the period when the family lost all its money. "He thought he had no friends, but I gave him a list of people who came to stay, or came over for the day. He had three particular friends he had forgotten and now he very much wants to get in touch with again."

Do not these extraordinary lapses of memory chime perfectly with the notion of a past which belongs to somebody else?

I'm astonished that the Government should have entrusted the conduct of the pro-European case in coming skirmishes to the former grocery chief Lord (David) Sainsbury, a man whose reputation in recent years has been for finishing second. A much more obvious choice would have been Arsène Wenger, whose Arsenal side is as potent a demonstration of the virtues of Euro-collaboration as any I've so far come across. What's more, as the man who for the first time in anyone's memory gave us an Arsenal side which wasn't abysmally boring, he qualifies as a miracle worker, which is what any campaign designed to persuade the British people that deeper involvement in Europe is what they want and is good for them overwhelmingly needs.

As it was with a sinking heart that Smallweed learned that Fauré's Pavane was to be pressed into service during the coming World Cup, I can see why, of course. Like playing Delius in railway trains, which some company has proposed, it's designed to squeeze out the tensions which might otherwise lead football fans to batter each other. Smallweed himself, when living a more stressful life than he does today, even, always found this work unfailingly therapeutic at the end of a wearing day. But now it's going to be ruined. It will be played almost as incessantly as those drab little pop songs about the BBC Proms which disfigure Radio 3. It is doomed to be Pachelbelled, and Albionified (© Smallweed Distinguishing Neologisms 1998).

While we're on the theme of over-repeated music (well, I am, anyway), why is it that Petronella gets so much flak for vulgarising Radio 3 in the morning while others escape

almost unscathed? True he bounces a good deal less than he did on Classic FM, where he used to sound like a kangaroo which had just discovered the music of Percy Grainger.

What about Sean Rafferty, who does the evening drive-time show, and that little spontaneous laugh, which to me suggests the presence of the one ("little spontaneous laugh") in his script? Or Humphrey Carpenter, who does the early shift at weekends? He's an intelligent man who has written serious books, so why does he write so? I suggest it's his scripts, which producers hand him, with instructions like this:

8.35 Play Samuel Barber's Adagio in choral version. Wander on about personal preference for the original (30 seconds).

8.40 Play trailer for the BBC Proms. Witter about the state of your garden (approx. 30 seconds).

8.42. Play guitar thingy by Rodrigo.

Though an even more whacky phenomenon comes at the end of Jazz Record Requests when the presenter, Geoffrey Smith, takes leave of the audience. The sound of Geoffrey Smith saying goodbye evokes the image of a man who begins his farewell in the penthouse of a 35-storey building and finishes it in the basement. The first syllable is almost falsetto; the second is in his boots. For myself I shall sign off this week, in the courtly old world formula of a character in *The Monastery*, by Sir Walter Scott: "And now having wished to my farthest discretion those pleasant dreams which wave their pinions around the couch of sleeping beauty, and this comely Dame" — the beauties of Morpheus, and to all other a common good night, I will crave your leave to depart to my place of rest." *The shameless demi-mondaine, I suppose. More of whom next week.*

The Readers' Editor on... declarations of interest

Blowing in the wind

Ian Mayes
Open door



THIS WEEK I have been dealing with a complaint from someone who had been interviewed by a freelance writer compiling a piece about wind power for our magazine, the Guardian Weekend. The complainant — who belongs to an organisation, Country Guardian, which opposes the development of wind power, on environmental grounds — felt that in the finished article, which appeared last weekend, his views were inadequately represented.

He asked whether we knew that the author of the piece had a professional interest in promoting wind power as the editor of the quarterly magazine of the European Wind Energy Association, something the complainant himself had only discovered after being interviewed. The answer was no, we did not.

It is clear, reading the article, that the author is an enthusiastic proponent of the development of wind power who believes that any environmental disadvantages are greatly outweighed by the advantages. He concluded his piece by saying, "... Country Guardian has already signalled its opposition to offshore wind farms and is ready to campaign against the first firm proposal. Yet Britain is the windiest country in Europe. If we cannot exploit our most abundant natural fuel source, what price our commitment to the environment?"

The author has written about wind power for the Guardian before. He felt his interest and point of view were already known. He says the idea of mentioning his freelance job as editor of the magazine of the European Wind Energy Association did occur at the time he was seeking the commission but he decided it was not a significant point. He felt that his own view would be apparent in the piece and that that in itself would constitute a frank enough declaration of interest. This is a view not shared by at least one of those interviewed who feels that he should have told him of his interest at the time he sought an interview.

The piece which the writer presented initially, according to the editor who commissioned it, was entirely in favour of wind power and other views had not been consulted. Since the editor knew the issue was controversial, she asked the writer to do it again, seeking and including contrary views. This resulted in the piece more or less as it was published, still without any declaration of the writer's interest.

There is nothing wrong with publishing pieces written by partisan writers (a paper that didn't question, as I have said, was clearly partisan). In it, we were at least told that strongly opposing views existed. However, the fact that the writer neglected to tell us, and that we therefore were unable to tell our readers, of his interest, had the effect of calling into question the credibility of the piece, and the paper, among those who knew of this connection. One of these was the first person who complained.

By agreement, the complainant expressed both his frustration and the view which he had hoped to find put over in the Guardian Weekend article, on the Letters page of the main paper on Thursday. He accepted this as a satisfactory resolution of (what I considered to be) an important dispute. We try to ensure that the rele-

vant interests of someone writing for the Guardian are declared at the end of the contribution. This is done habitually on the Comment pages, in the Society and Education sections, and elsewhere as thought appropriate. The question for a freelance is whether an undeclared interest, if discovered, is likely to be used to embarrass the writer and the Guardian by sowing seeds of doubt about a perfectly sound and legitimate piece.

It should be the task of the commissioning editor to resolve any doubt about whether an interest should be declared or not. The test is whether, in the form in which an article is presented, the reader will know where the writer is coming from, if that is relevant to the content.

This was a test we were accused of failing (by two rival newspapers, but also by a number of individual readers) in the presentation of our reports exposing as a fake the Carlton TV programme, *The Connection*. We began publishing these reports on May 6 and three days later, on May 9, we carried on Page 2 an "Editor's comment", clearly stating the background of the two freelance journalists mainly responsible for the reports. We also declared that the articles had not been timed to influence competition between Granada and Carlton for a new current affairs programme.

We probably should have carried something like this from the outset, if only to introduce writers likely to be unknown to the vast majority of readers. I do not believe it touched the integrity of the pieces. The sceptical reaction to the absence of a declaration sometimes prompts is one that, in ourselves, we always consider healthy.

Next week readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 238 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Tuesday to Friday. Fax: 0171 238 9687. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

Time for sale

4 page 13 — a pertinent question as much of the Fins' furniture has been chosen, on their behalf, by It's About Time to save the Fins the time of selecting it themselves.

When the Fins moved in, It's About Time also arranged their photographs and ornaments. "The family wanted their house to feel like a home," Donna explains. "We have to think carefully about the drapes. Cara e-mailed and said she didn't want anything on the windows, but Sean likes privacy, so we're looking for middle ground." Carol Reade moves through the house with great efficiency, emptying cardboard boxes, deciding where the CD shelves should go. Miss Finn has picked out a couple of cabinets from a catalogue. It's meant to be a labour-saving device, but poor Donna is soon telling the

catalogue company that the CD cabinets are the wrong size.

Mr Finn comes down from where he's been working upstairs to talk about his CDs. He's got a conference call in about two minutes so he doesn't have long to spare. Meanwhile, Reade is organising a games cupboard in the back room, stacking up the boxes of Trivial Pursuit and tidying roller-blade paraphernalia. But when do the Fins ever have time to play games? "If I organise them all together in one place, at least they'll see them," Reade says.

Her philosophy is to allow people to have fewer chores and more enjoyment in their life. "I used to work at a law firm. The attorneys would come up to me and say, 'but what do you do in your four weeks off?' I realised that so many people didn't know how to enjoy themselves. They didn't even know how to spend a vacation."

Cara Finn's 16-year-old daughter is away with her father. She wants to be a model and he's helping her make useful contacts. Kids start

thinking about work at an early age. A reported 61 per cent of US high school students take paid employment for an average of 3.1 hours a day on top of their homework and school activities and the pressure to get serious can start even younger than that. In Atlanta and other areas around the country, some schools have eliminated playtime altogether to enable pupils to spend more time studying.

We go upstairs so that Carol Reade can re-think the Fins' wardrobe situation. "We need shoe racks here," she says, "and a drawer for socks. Look at all these socks everywhere!" Once she has a system set in place, the Fins' cleaner will know where to put everything.

The idea is to free people so that they need not spend their weekends running errands. Besides, she often has to make much more important decisions for her clients. At Aptos Bench, about an hour's drive away, Reade is in the process of re-modelling three bathrooms in the Fins' seaside home. After a quick stop at a parcel company to



Carol Reade helping client Markus Osterberg find a new home

send back the CD cases that were the wrong size, she's soon deep in conversation with a whole team of builders hard at work on the bathrooms.

Throughout the day, she is talking on her mobile phone. A client in the process of relocating from New York to the Bay area wants to know if she's found him a new house yet. "The one you like? I'm afraid they won't take dogs — 90 per cent of property in this area has

a no-pet policy. But I'll call the agent and see if we can negotiate some kind of compromise. Would you be willing to pay more? Great!"

Somebody else calls to arrange a pickup at the airport later in the week. Reade drives with one hand and makes notes in her pad with the other. In the jargon of the time-challenged, she's "multi-tasking". In the modern times society people often talk about themselves in mechanical terms. "I haven't down-

loaded that yet" someone might say, meaning they haven't absorbed all the details. Or they might refer to a dim-witted colleague as having "a little bandwidth problem" (a bandwidth indicates how much information you can get through a network connection). It's as if they want to be as fast and as efficient as their computers.

Some of Carol Reade's assignments are more unusual than others. There was the time she had to put a drip into a dying cat. The time when a local company decided to give all 500 of its employees a special Christmas gift: a present-wrapping service, provided free, in the office lobby. Practically all of them turned up with presents to be wrapped. Some had as many as 40. We couldn't get them muddled up. We were sitting there for days in a mountain of wrapping paper.

Then there was the highly successful shopaholic. "She couldn't stop buying things. Her garage was full of stuff she hadn't even taken out of the bags. Finally, I said:

"Fine, you buy the things and leave them on the table with the receipts and the next day I'll take them back to the store for you. Sometimes you have to be part psychotherapist in this job."

Reade has received numerous calls from the US and Europe from those keen to set up companies similar to It's About Time. In Britain, too, a whole new class of people — the busy rich — may well start turning to people like Reade to conjure up for them that elusive commodity, time.

It will be like staying in a hotel in your own home; a concierge on your front doorstep, room service only a phone call away, an endlessly attentive member of staff on hand to make pesky decisions for you and smooth your way.

There are two ways of viewing this hyper-modern service. Believers will see it as providing us with the space we need to concentrate on the really important things in life. Sceptics will see it as yet another step towards becoming guests in our own existence.

You have 30 seconds to memorise these things...



... If you can't, don't worry, there are millions like you. If you can, don't think yourself too clever. **Steven Rose** on the memory game

In the days before autocue, Greek and Roman politicians used "memory theatre" to order their speeches. They mentally placed objects they wished to remember close to familiar places, in their homes, in a street, or indeed in a theatre. It is said they could remember thousands of items this way. And the method persisted. If you respond to those ads that appear regularly in the papers offering memory improvement courses this is how they will tell you to do it.

Harold Wilson, who had a phenomenal memory for the names of people he had met only once (a very useful political skill) probably worked this way, and the memory man Crichton Cavell, who has memorised great chunks of the Middle English telephone directory, and so to many thousands of places, told me once that he had discovered a similar technique.

But does it matter? Why should we feel the need to remember well, and be worried by having a "bad memory"? Perhaps because memory is our most enduring personal characteristic; it defines the very essence of who we are as individuals which is why diseases of memory, such as Alzheimer's, are so frightening. Or think of those mysterious situations where a person suddenly appears to "lose" memory, or to "recover" some alien identity.

Then there is the simple embarrassment of failing to remember the name of a person to whom one has just been introduced. Or recognising the person who nods to you in the street. Or the end of a joke one heard only yesterday and wanted to pass on to a friend. Or whether you had seen your partner in that elegant shirt or dress before. Most of us experience these problems, some of us only too frequently. Sometimes it becomes more than a social problem and affects our capacity to work.

Before we bemoan too strongly our own fragile memories, consider the case of the character Funes, called the Memorious in a short story by Jorge Luis Borges. Funes could remember everything that happened to him. His memory he tells the narrator is "like a garbage disposal... He remembered the shapes of the clouds in the south at dawn on the 30th of April of 1882 and he could compare them with his recollection of the marbled grain in the design of a leather-bound book which he had seen only once..." It took him a whole day to reconstruct in its entirety the events of the preceding day and he died young of an overdose of memory. Borges modelled Funes on an actual person, chronicled over decades by the great Soviet neuro-

psychologist Alexander Luria, and known as S. In the late 1930s, Luria gave S a complex nonsense formula to remember: 20 years and a world war later, S was able to recall it perfectly, having memorised it by telling himself a memory-theatre story, in which every mathematical symbol becomes a place or character observed while walking down a familiar street.

Like Funes, S had an unhappy life; his inability to forget was coupled with synaesthesia so that words also were associated with particular colours or tastes or smells. He couldn't hold down a proper job and ended as a professional stage memory man.

S's story tells us three important things about memory. First, that forgetting is functional. No one could survive such an overload of information. Those who grovel around in the past in the pursuit of so-called "recovered memory" may be doing more harm than good. It is not necessarily the case that those who forget the past are doomed to repeat its mistakes, and one might well argue that a little bit of forgetting of history would often help.

But the second thing S's story tells us is equally important: that memories are not some sort of dead information stored away in computer files that we can simply access, read out, and file away again. Memories are more than mere information — they are imbued with meaning, individual meaning given by our own lived experience. Memories are not simply about cognition; they involve emotions too, and events which have emotional weight are remembered more readily than those which are about abstract concepts. This isn't surprising. After all, memory as a living faculty evolved to aid our survival in a world in which learning from emotionally-charged experience is vital.

Thirdly, our response to S's extraordinary capacity reveals that re-membering is hard work. It demands brain activity. Each time we re-member we remake the memory, literally, in terms of brain processes. Which is why "false memories", even if they only got there a few weeks ago courtesy of a psychotherapist, may be just as real to the person who has them as are historically verifiable "true" memories. Memories are a way of ordering and making sense of our unique life histories.

Fascination with memory and how to improve it go back millennia; yet the sciences of memory are barely a century old. At first they were the province of psychologists. They have been the classifiers, teaching us, for instance, to distinguish short term from long-term memory. Many things are recalled only for a few seconds or minutes — strings of numbers, and too often, to our embarrassment, people's names — before being permanently lost. What isn't lost gets transferred into long-term memory, which seems to last almost forever.

Re-membering involves recovering things from longer term memory and placing them into "working memory". Then there is the difference between procedural memory — remember "how" to ride a bicycle for instance — and declarative memory (remembering that those objects with two large wheels, saddles and handlebars are called bicycles). Procedural memory is more stable than declarative. Alzheimer's sufferers remember how to ride a bike long after they have forgotten what it is called.

There are other distinctions. Recognition versus recall, for example. Think how hard it is to

recall a friend's face, and how easy to recognise the person when you see them. Play Kim's game, showing someone a tray of objects for a minute or so, then removing it, and asking them to remember what they have seen. Most people find it hard to remember more than 15 or so different items.

Do the experiment differently though, and show them a series of objects or photos one after the other for a few seconds, then perhaps weeks later offer them a choice between photos they have seen before and new ones, and people can recognise correctly 10,000 or more.

And finally, so-called "eidetic", or photographic memory — what most of us have of our early childhood, snapshot-like fragments, associated with smells or tastes or colours. Children below the age of eight seem to remember like this, and most of us lose the ability as we grow older. Should we regret the loss? Not necessarily. The sorts of linear memories we have as adults are probably much more efficient ways of storing memory. Few of us would envy Luria's S.

The human brain contains some 100 billion nerve cells, each capable of making up to 100,000 connections with its neighbours. It is the pathways made possible by these myriad interconnections (more permutations than atoms in the known universe) which must contain the answers to how memories are made. The idea is simple; each time a new memory is made, a new pattern of connections is created, which in some way stores the new memory, much as the "memory" of a scene is stored on the tape of a video recorder.

I've spent a research lifetime investigating these interconnections. We've been able to show that, when animals learn, cascades of chemical processes are turned on in particular nerve cells, cascades which result in creating

new cellular architectures, literally remodelling the connections, changing their chemistry, electrical properties and physical shapes as short term memory becomes fixed in long-term.

In some ways these changed patterns of connections embody the memory. A type of mathematical modelling called connectionism has shown that memories can be stored in simple networks, and one connectionist has gone so far as to claim that the hippocampus can store precisely 36,500 memories!

I am a bit sceptical about this. For one thing, I don't know how to calculate how many distinct bits of information are required to store any memory. But even more, connectionist models assume somehow that there is such a thing as "a memory" which can be fixed in a small network.

Human and animal memories don't work quite like that. The brain is highly dynamic; patterns of connections are ever changing. The great pioneer of neuroscience, Charles Sherrington, described the work of the brain in weaving these patterns as that of an "enchanted loom". Think about trying to remember the name of a person you met yesterday; you might try a variety of strategies. Where did you meet? What were they wearing? What letter did their name begin with or what did it rhyme with? Who did they remind you of? What did you discuss?

All these are different access points by which we might attempt to retrieve the missing name. And almost certainly each of these features is stored in a different region of the brain. Even day-old chicks store their memories of simple objects, like small bright beads, dynamically and in different brain regions: colour in one place, shape and size somewhere else.

The great mystery with which neuroscientists are currently wrestling is to understand how all these different regions and brain processes are bound together to give us coherent conscious experience. The one thing which is certain is that there isn't a little homunculus sitting somewhere in our pineal glands inspecting all this brain activity and turning it into meaning for us. That is the property of the brain as a whole.

And not only the brain. Brain and body intercommunicate. How and what we remember are affected by our hormones; sex hormones, adrenaline and many others all affect memory. So do drugs; beta-block-

ers, which reduce anxiety, also block emotional memories. And so probably does our immune system. Psychoneuro-immunology may sound like a hybrid word, but it describes what is beginning to be an important clue as to how our brains work.

So do some people really remember better than others? Undoubtedly it seems so in day-to-day life, even if we set aside the effects of age or illness. But why?

How we learn, what we transfer from short to long-term memory and what we can then access are affected, chemically, by how anxious and attentive we are (properties which depend on brain and hormone states). We can aid this transfer by simple mental techniques, those

pioneered so long ago. Also on the way are drugs, the so-called smart drugs or cognitive enhancers, being developed as a spin-off from research on treatments for Alzheimer's disease, which may do the same

job for us. But put people in a formal memory-test situation in which many of these aspects are controlled or removed and there really is not much difference between us. Outside the lab we won't store what isn't interesting or important to us. Many people who complain of having poor memories really mean that, even if they feel they ought to be interested enough to remember something, it really wasn't all that important.

If what you really care about is neuroscience (or trainspotting) you may just get memory-lazy about names. Such memory lapses, excusable or even expected in scientists, are unacceptable for politicians or journalists; for them, memory-theatre remains the best hope, at least until the new drugs are reliably (and legally) in place.

Steven Rose will be talking about minds, brains and memories at the Hay Festival next Wednesday. His edited collection *Brains to Consciousness* has just been published by Penguin.

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They said Sean O'Callaghan wanted to assassinate Mrs Thatcher. In reality, says Kevin Toolis, he was working for her

A man for all treasons

The Informer
by Sean O'Callaghan
340pp, Bantam Press, £16.99

In the summer of 1983 in the run-up to the general election the British tabloids were full of tales of an IRA sniper who, it was said, was attempting to assassinate Mrs Thatcher.

Such was the level of this threat that Commander William Huckleby called an unprecedented press conference at Scotland Yard and identified the assassin by name, helpfully providing a picture and his home address in Tralee, Co Kerry. Fleet Street's finest were instantly dispatched to the tiny Irish town where Sean O'Callaghan, aka "The Jackal", conveniently provided a jockey-on-the-spot interview on his way to the dole office.

According to O'Callaghan's book, *The Informer*, Commander Huckleby's manoeuvre in publically labelling him as the Jackal was a deliberate lie; instead of being an assassin, O'Callaghan was the Irish police's highest-level informer within the IRA leadership. The Scotland Yard press conference was a smokescreen to confuse O'Callaghan's murderous and paranoid IRA colleagues, protect his cover, and abort a mission to kill members of the Royal Family. It was just another trick in the world of the Irish informer, a world constructed on double decoys, professional liars, murder, fear and self-loathing.

O'Callaghan is the most senior IRA figure ever to publically turn traitor on the organisation and friends to whom he once swore allegiance. His book is an extraordinary memoir of life within the murky republican world, from the nauseating boredom of mixing explosives in isolated rural sheds, to clandestine IRA Council meetings with Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness (wearing their IRA hats), to shooting dead a whimping policeman in a pub toilet or campaigning publicly for Sinn Féin.

No outsider could ever have penetrated the clandestine higher echelons of O'Callaghan's IRA. He rubbed shoulders from their teenage years with Kevin McKenna, the IRA's one-time Chief of Staff, had drinks with the

Balcombe Street bombers before their mission to England, and generally hung around with a whole generation of killers and assorted gunmen. But then O'Callaghan was not an outsider. He was born into a republican family in the republican stronghold of Tralee in Co Kerry. He was a true believer in the armed struggle and, according to his own account, happily devoted his teenage years, his entire existence, to killing British soldiers. O'Callaghan was one of those IRA men he later came secretly to despise and betray.

Full of self-disgust at the killing he resigned from active service aged 20 and went to England to run a cleaning company for three years. In 1979 he voluntarily returned to Ireland with a singular career objective in mind — to rejoin the IRA and become an informer.

Throughout the 'Troubles' the recruitment of informers by the RUC Special Branch and the unmasking of them by the IRA was the key intelligence battleground. Around 50 men, and a few women, were executed by the IRA. In Irish Republican terms the informer is the arch-villain, the fountainhead of all Irish misery, the stage Judas, whose betrayals from within have led a host of noble patriots to the English gallows tree. The "tout" is the ultimate hate figure and, as everyone knows, the IRA have only one sentence for this unforgivable crime — a bullet in the back of the head.

However, *inominous* or noble these informers' initial intentions, they soon became meat in the hidden intelligence war that raged in the shadows. There was no road of return. No one loves an informer. No one will mourn their death. There can be little doubt that if O'Callaghan's true role in the eighties had ever become known to his one-time friends they would have had little compunction in whacking him.

The Provisionals unconsciously reserve a special word for this process of betrayal. Informers "turn" or they are "turned". The word rightly connotes the nature of the Irish informer. IRA men grow up together, riot together, marry, inter-mingle. There is no place in such a tight social matrix

for foreign outsiders — even those from other parts of Ireland would be viewed with suspicion. Informers must come from within, they must be "turned". Those they betray are their closest, oldest friends. All the kinships of childhood, blood, and family break and separate; O'Callaghan's own father denounced him. It must be a lonely life.

In 1984 an IRA arms ship, the *Marita Ann*, with seven tonnes of smuggled American weaponry on board, was seized by the Irish police following a tip-off from O'Callaghan, who learned of the cargo from his neighbour Martin Ferris, a senior IRA figure who has recently re-appeared as part of the Sinn Féin negotiating team. Ferris was captured on the *Marita Ann* and spent the next 10 years in jail.

O'Callaghan knew Ferris well, the two men were friendly, he had met his wife, his adopted son. Just before Ferris set sail he helped him shop for supplies. After Ferris left he phoned his Garda handler — whom O'Callaghan interestingly refers to as his "contact" — and confirmed the shipment was going ahead. O'Callaghan says now that he never felt any sympathy. "The only place such evil belonged was in jail for a long, long time. Such a man would never change." Ferris later gave the oration at O'Callaghan's father's funeral — which for fear of being killed by the IRA O'Callaghan could not attend.

His account glides over many difficult and interesting questions. Did he feel no moral doubt about the pain he was inflicting on Ferris's family? How could he bear to be so convincingly natural in the company of men he was potentially sending to their deaths? And what kind of satisfaction did he receive from such service?

O'Callaghan gives few clues to his interior life as a betrayer. The collective picture that emerges is of a man who feels unloved, isolated; a man who never won the affection of his distant republican father and who never paid enough attention to his loving but dowdier mother. In later life O'Callaghan documents a string of relationships, children even, but they never play a significant part in his mental life. He abandons his



Sean O'Callaghan, playing along with Scotland Yard's ruse to confuse his 'paranoid and murderous IRA colleagues'

lovers, his family, as easily as other men swap coats. They are not important.

Much later he decides one day to turn himself over to the English police and confess to murdering an RUC Special Branch officer — knowing he will get a life sentence and spend the next decade in prison. His impoverished girlfriend, mother of his daughter, objects. He does not care and walks into Tunbridge Wells police station in 1988 and confesses his crimes, or some of them at least.

The later chapters of the book delve into O'Callaghan's prison years until his release in 1996. He discovers another truism; no longer of use to the state, the prison authorities do not love him either. He goes on hunger and thirst strike twice to win what he sees as justice. He wants to be free. But why volunteer for prison in the first place?

His life journey is a staggering lurch from one master to another. From 1982 O'Callaghan in prison became a collaborator with the Sunday Times. He wrote articles,

sourced others, was visited by Andrew Neil and Telegraph editor Charles Moore, who serialised *The Informer*. He was even offered a journalistic contract by the Sunday Times. He has developed a whole network of anti-republican "friends" all eager to exploit his insights into the IRA for their own particular vision. Two weeks ago he appeared as the star witness in a Dublin libel trial unmasking a border pig farmer Thomas "Slab" Murphy as a senior IRA commander.

The Informer is filled with astonishing insights into the personalities and politics of the Provisionals. Vitriolic and partisan, it is nevertheless a huge leap forward in our understanding of the internal machinations of the Provisional movement. Far from being glorious, the mean business of "stiffing" men for Mother Ireland contaminated everything it touched. But there are awkward inconsistencies. In 1992 O'Callaghan repeatedly confessed to killing another IRA informer Sean Corcoran in the Republic. Now he has unconfessed. It was all part of a scheme to flush out the true killers, he says now. What he

told us before via the Sunday Times was lies. Today he is telling the truth?

In the hidden world of double-dealers, touts and killers, even dead informers have their uses and the truth, that precious unseen element, is a malleable thing. But outside that world some purported truths are not so easily shed and cast doubt on the veracity of their narrator. Why does O'Callaghan tell us certain things and omit others? And what are his reasons for so doing?

The subtitle of *The Informer* is "one man's war against terrorism". The central difficulty of O'Callaghan's book, itself a work of collaboration with a ghost writer, is that his motivation for participating in the informer war is entirely opaque. Most informers are coerced by some weakness, blackmailed by the police to tout rather than face years in prison. Others turn for monetary gain like Raymond Gilmour, a petty criminal from Derry, who has also put pen to paper recently in *Dead Ground* (Little, Brown, £15.99).

One, Derryman Paddy Flood, became an informer for love — out of the desperate desire to save

his wife. O'Callaghan denies money or coercion played any part in his decision to inform; he volunteered. But how credible is O'Callaghan's claim that he abandoned a prosperous life as a small businessman in England to return to rural Ireland and the dangers of the informer war with its bullet-in-the-head consequences because he "was becoming keen on the idea that I should somehow play a part in fighting the IRA"? Or that the assassination of Moonbatten in 1979 was "the final straw"?

Confronted by such a dilemma, most of us would cast the past behind us, retire, and sleep soundly in our bed clinging close to those we love. O'Callaghan never adequately explains why he chose betrayal and fear instead. There is something big missing, something important, that we are not being told. Some other trick from within the informer world. Some other smokescreen.

Kevin Toolis is currently writing a screenplay on the IRA and is the author of *Rebel Hearts: Journeys within the IRA's Soul* (Picador, £8.99).

A S Byatt joins Peter Vansittart in praise of the English Anglo-Saxon beatitudes

In Memory of England
by Peter Vansittart
298pp, John Murray, £20

In Memory of England is a subtle and evocative title. My wartime generation grew up with an English story, part myth, part history, which we put together from Robin Hood, Walter Scott, King Arthur, 1066 and *All That*, *Cavaliers* and *Roundheads*, *Regency Romance*, and boys' own tales of heroism in the tropics and on the Somme.

We learned chronological English history at school. Its disappearance distressed Mrs Thatcher, though I suspect the myth she wanted to reinstate differs from Peter Vansittart's. He calls his splendid book "a novelist's view of England". It is a wise, learned and idiosyncratic

re-creation of the story, which will look different to those who have known it all their lives, and those like my daughter, who has a deep modular knowledge of the Russian Revolution, Crime and Punishment in 17th-century Wales, and the First World War.

Vansittart begins his narrative with Arthurian Britain, Roman Britain, and Albion, moving on to the Anglo-Saxons and Merrie England. Like all biographies, this history lingers in the early stages. Time, space and character seem leisurely and sharp in outline in the far past. Later chapters, Great Britain, An Imperial Age, begin to gallop as the number of characters and ideas and events increase. Vansittart is a wonderful novelist and storyteller, and his English history is a texture of brilliant lists, unforgettable quotations, surprising juxtapositions.

He has his heroes — the rational, the imaginative, the generous. They begin with the theologian Pelagius, opponent of the idea of Original Sin, and include Elizabeth I, Dr Johnson, the judicious Hooker, the sceptic Hobbes and Lord Shaftesbury.

His juxtapositions work by tracing an attitude, a trait, from past to present. He quotes Elizabeth I with approval as she "defined theology as ropes of sand or sea-slime leading to the moon: 'There is but one Faith and one Jesus Christ, the rest is a dispute about trifles'". Next to her he quotes Clem Attlee — "Accept the Christian ethic. Can't stand the mumbo-jumbo." He has a brilliant few pages on Shakespeare, in whose plays "Pelagian free-will and English compromise oppose *myrd*, inborn human traits and vaulting ambition." He quotes Edward Bond: "We badly abuse Shakespeare if we pretend he knows all the answers. He doesn't. He knows the questions."

What does Vansittart think of as English? He notes, even in Pelagius, a characteristic disposition to grumble. He notes humour, quoting Congreve, who says that humour is almost of English growth (meaning in 1695 as much a disposition to suit oneself as a sense of the comic). "They have a proverb among them, which, may be, will show the bent and genius of the People as well as a longer discourse: *He that will have a May-Pole shall have a May-Pole*." He notes the advantages and limitations of irony. He has a few wise and wry pages on the British

conduct of the British Empire, quoting Gandhi's summing-up of the English: "An Englishman never respects you until you stand up to him. Then he begins to like you. He is afraid of nothing physical, but he is very mortally afraid of his own conscience if you ever appeal to it and show him to be in the wrong."

Vansittart goes on to say, memorably: "The British, with their smiles and ironies, did not avoid the superior attitude once enjoined by Dr Johnson — 'Don't cant in favour of savages.' Vansittart immediately appends a list of the superstitious traits of the European rulers: 'gold and charms, jewelled wands, elaborate chant and rituals. Whites prayed for rain, feared ghosts and vampires, described the After Life, credited magic numbers'."

It is indeed a writer's history, and opens with a wonderful chapter on the English language, from the rhythms of the Anglo-Saxon — "That passed. So may this" — to the precision of D J Enright: "I try to write lucidly... Vansittart's values are implicit in, and inseparable from, good English. We have grown, or been shocked, out of feeling that 'English' values of 'decorum', understatement, common sense and irony are either universal, or universally desirable. That doesn't mean they aren't values."

AS Byatt edited *The Oxford Book of English Short Stories* (Oxford, £19.99). If you would like to order a copy of *In Memory of England* at the discount price of £18 (free p&h), call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0200 600102.

Susannah Frankel on the courage of Liz Tilberis Fashioning a life

No Time To Die
by Liz Tilberis
298pp, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £18.99

Readers of Harper's Bazaar will be familiar with editor Liz Tilberis's characteristic writing style. Her monthly letter in the magazine, which moves effortlessly from the trials of undergoing chemotherapy for ovarian cancer to the tribulations of finding the right skirt length, has become as much a staple of the fashion establishment as brown being the new black or pink being the new beige.

No Time To Die, Tilberis's autobiography, is a much-extended version of this time-honoured format, documenting her rise to her current position as one of the most powerful women in international fashion, while ardently campaigning for more information and research on what is fast becoming one of the late 20th century's most pernicious killers.

Written "with Aimee Lee Ball", who carried out most of the medical research, the book otherwise has Liz Tilberis's voice all over it. She is, at once, gentle but driven, irreverent but grave, down-to-earth and at times painfully honest

but always supremely patrician with it.

Born Elizabeth Kelly, Tilberis is the daughter of a Manx ophthalmologist and grew up in Herefordshire and Bath. She went to Malvern Girls' College and later to Leicester Polytechnic, where she studied fashion design. Following her expulsion from Leicester — she had more than a touch of the wild child in her at the time — she started another fashion course, this time at the Jacob Kramer Art College in Leeds where she met Andrew Tilberis.

They have been married since 1971. In 1969, aged 21, Tilberis won a summer internship at Vogue. She went on to become the magazine's

fashion director and, in 1987, editor-in-chief. During this period, having failed to become pregnant despite undergoing IVF treatment, she decided to adopt — first Robbie in 1981, then Christopher in 1985.

In 1991, after being offered the editorship of Harper's Bazaar, Tilberis moved her family to New York. She relinquished the title, restoring what had become a tired publication to its former glory. At about the same time, her cancer was diagnosed. In the book she claims — and statistics back her up — that the use of fertility drugs may have been one of the causes.

No Time To Die is the greatest behind-the-scenes, first-hand account of the world of fashion since American designer Isaac Mizrahi's film *Unzipped*. Those who recognise the characters that appear in the book will delight in the fact that they have all, in the nicest possible way, been rumoured. Those who don't will appreciate their colour and excess. But the book is also a serious attempt to bring both the public's and the medical establishment's attention to an illness that until now has not had its fair share of attention. If Tilberis is anything like as committed to campaigning for our greater understanding of the disease from which she still suffers as she has been to dictating our skirt lengths, all that could be about to change.

Liz Tilberis... rumbling the world of fashion

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The Guardian

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He was a Jew, he survived the war, and he kept a daily record of life and death in Dresden. **Philip Brady** welcomes the remarkable diaries of Victor Klemperer

View from the inferno

On a cold day in Dresden in February 1942 a gang of old men are shifting snow. "An elderly man came up to us with a friendly smile: 'You're doing it the wrong way, do it like this — it's a lot easier.' Me: 'There's a knack to it. And I haven't had the physical training. In the last war I was tramping ammunition but since — I pointed to the university — I've been standing in there lecturing. Now I'm shovelling snow'."

The speaker, subject of that thumb-nail self-portrait, was Victor Klemperer, ex-professor, 60 years old, shabbily dressed and with a bad heart. He managed to survive the snow-shifting and the cold. Indeed he survived a lot more — and worse. Three years later, on February 4 1945, clad in a blanket (at least it hid his Jew's star), he watched Dresden burn to the ground.

Klemperer tramped through the inferno carrying a briefcase full of precious manuscripts, looking for his wife Eva, finding her, losing her again, finding her again. Survival in the firestorm was almost a matter of pride: to have lasted this long, to be standing, still alive, among the corpses and the flames, and then to die at this late stage would, he reflected, be "a crying shame".

He survived. So too did his wife. And so did those precious manuscripts. Soon he was a public figure again, professor at several East German universities, fellow of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and he died, in his 80th year, in 1960. But the manuscripts vanished from public view for half a century, stored out of harm's way in the Dresden State Library — too hot to handle for a government that preferred to underplay the country's Nazi past.

What Klemperer had in fact been carrying through a city in flames and what then disappeared into the archive were the last pages of a diary that he had been writing through thick and thin for decades. As Hitler's grip tightened during the 1930s it became for him an increasingly crucial piece of private, secret resistance. When Hitler came to power he had been Professor of Romance Studies at Dresden University. During the years that followed he lost his job, his house, his library ticket, even his typewriter. But between 1933 and 1945 he wrote over five thousand pages of his diary — "this manuscript is my duty and my ultimate task".

It took courage — the Gestapo could (and did) search the place at any time, and one page discovered

would have meant death. But it was part of a daily routine. He tucked away each day's entry in unlikely places — a file labelled "Victor Hugo's Poetry" — until his wife (Aryan and therefore less likely to be searched) could get them away out of Dresden. Incredibly, the Gestapo never found a single page.

The East German state that had, for its own bad reasons, kept Klemperer's secrets secret vanished in 1990. Not, however, the state publishing house, Aufbau, which in 1995 published Klemperer's diary for the first time. They immediately had a huge and unexpected success with their pricey two-volume edition, selling well over 100,000 copies. Random House in New York agreed to pay \$550,000 for the US translation rights — the highest sum ever paid anywhere for a German title — and volume one of the UK edition, covering the years 1933-41, is published next week by Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

Why the excitement? Because Klemperer is a special case. Few Jews stayed in Germany, and of those who did even fewer outlived Hitler. Klemperer in fact was never deported, never saw the inside of a concentration camp. For this he owed much (and he acknowledges the debt) to his steadfast, non-Jewish wife. He did not even have to leave Dresden — he was there when Hitler came to power and he left only when there was no Dresden left. That kind of rootedness gives the diary exceptional unity — from start to finish Dresden is the stage on which everything happens, even if that once-beautiful place recedes from sight as the noose tightens.

The life, the survival against the odds, the fixed viewpoint — all this is exceptional. But not even that makes for success. It is indeed Klemperer's particular gifts which are decisive. To start with, he is peculiarly honest about himself, making no apologies for his own endless complaints about money, physical ailments, about the car that won't start, the washing-up that has to be done. When the trivial misadventures begin to count for less and annoyance gives way to panic he does not pretend to be courageous.

Klemperer becomes a constant, complex presence — the scholar not without his professional airs and snobberies, the cool observer, the terrified victim. He changes before our very eyes — "I really feel almost sorry for Hitler; the man's lost and he senses it". That is 1934. "In political

matters I'm gradually losing hope. Hitler really is the Chosen One of his people. I don't think he wavers in the slightest, I'm really coming to believe that his regime can last for decades." That is 1937.

The terror — that tightening noose — and the endlessly mounting chicanery against Jews become palpable, and yet Klemperer's determination to record with unflinching honesty never flags. And this means showing a world which, despite Hitler (a distant menace) and the Dresden Gestapo (a menace close by), never falls simply into black and white. Then and Lis.

Letting the evidence speak for itself is Klemperer's strong card. But the evidence that he has to offer, hidden away for 50 years, has become urgently relevant to current debates. The question of who were the guilty ones has been asked throughout those 50 years, but by a strange coincidence two different kinds of answer have appeared at roughly the same time. Daniel Goldhagen's *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* is single-mindedly and comprehensively accusatory. It represents one strong and serious line of argument — that the Holocaust and all its attendant evils, if it was the active work of a minority, took place with the tacit support or at least the complicity of a majority.

Klemperer is a different, less schematic answer. He never minimises the horror; indeed, as the horrors increase, his opinion hardens about Nazism being "a native German growth, a carcinoma made out of German flesh, a version of cancer". Tens of thousands of German readers are not let off the hook. Good Germans and occasional kindnesses are to be found in his account, but their effect is to add to the confusion, to the unresolved contradictions that Klemperer records. He draws no conclusions. Even in what looks like a cut-and-dried case of everyday racism there can be a hint of ambiguity.

The debate will continue, historians will continue to take up their positions. Klemperer is no historian. But he is a Jew and he was there. Day in, day out. From start to finish.

Philip Brady, who was Reader in German at Birkbeck College, London, died last year. He wrote this article following the book's publication in Germany. Volume one of the UK edition, called *I Shall Bear Witness: The Diaries of Victor Klemperer 1933-41*, is published on 25 May by Weidenfeld and Nicolson (£20). The second volume will be published next February.



Angel of death... the aftermath of the bombing of Dresden

The List

Big Mouth Strikes Again, by Tony Parsons (Chameleon, £14.99)

The TV and newspaper pundit who always makes an interesting choice of socks brings you another collection of "two-fisted journalism", from style mags, the Telegraph and the Mirror. Does Tony really have a huge, Brubakerian typewriter so that he can bash out each letter with bunched knuckles? Or is he doing something else with his little fists? If there's something lacking in my writing," he says in the introduction, "it is the voice of reason and objectivity." This is not inaccurate, for he calls Madonna an "immoral slut", and he doesn't know the difference between an adjective and a participle. Very modern.

The Complete Guide To Whisky, by Jim Murray (Carlton, £9.99) The redoubtable Mr Murray has, it seems, visited every distillery known to man — in Scotland, Ireland and America — talked to everyone there, and drank everything there is, like a nihilistic fish. His tasting notes are long and often viciously intolerant, but if he likes one he'll go all poetically suggestive: of the Tennessee whisky George Dickel no 12, Murray writes: "To capture the intricacy of this is like trying to grasp a rainbow."

Collected Plays Volume 4, by Howard Barker (Corgi, £14.99) While Stoppard, Churchill, Kane, McDonagh et al grab all the glory, Barker quietly gets on with the job of being the best playwright in the country. *The Golem's Ache for the Nearly Dead* examines the state calamity of incest levelled against Marie Antoinette; *He Stumbled* depicts an anatomist performing his last autopsy on a dead monarch; the scintillating *A House of Correction* sees a pedantic messenger sent to an isolated castle and embroiled in desperate logical games with its inhabitants.

Abducted: The True Story of Alien Abduction in Rural England, by Ann Andrews and Jean Ritchie (Headline, £16.99) Extraterrestrials in Kent. Baby Jason Andrews started mysteriously moving in his sleep around the family house: from his cot to a locked barn, say. At four, he started uttering strange mathematical formulae. Strange cuts and marks would appear on his body, and then vanish. Now Jason is 14 and claims to have been abducted by aliens throughout his young life. Cows and mice have been mutilated, too. I don't know: aliens have figured out how to fly all the way here, but they still have to chop up a poor little mouse rather than use some hi-tech scanning device. Bastards. **Steven Poole**

Heavy industry? We need a replacement. Culture might be just the thing, thinks Chris Smith

Yes minister, culture is cool

Creative Britain by Chris Smith 170pp, Faber, £7.99pbk

Dan Glaister

You've seen the film, bought the record, worn the T-shirt... now read the book. Just when you thought Cool Britannia had been dispatched to the spinners' circle from whence it came, along comes Culture Secretary Chris Smith with *Creative Britain*, "the bible of Cool Britannia". But like the Government, the book too seems confused about its mission. In the very next gasp the publishers inform us that Smith "dismisses the myth of Cool Britannia". So which is it to be? Well, a bit of both. But rather than a fresh piece of cultural criticism, what we actually get is a collection of slightly reworked speeches from the minister's first year in office,

book-ended with an introduction and conclusion.

The locations for the speeches are a disheartening litany, providing an insight into the daily grind of a jobbing minister. Come with me if you will to the Thirty Club at the Savoy Hotel to hear about the state of the creative industries; cast your mind back to the annual dinner of the Royal Academy last May and share a Vision for the Arts; dream as we enter the Public Library Authorities 17th annual conference at the Palace Hotel, Turquay to embrace the Information Society and the role of public libraries. And who among us can forget that day at the Queen Elizabeth Conference Centre when we gathered to learn about the Importance of World Heritage?

The question, of course, is why any of us should wish to remember these rather dismal events and the sententious phrases uttered at them. The answer is that through

the haze of after-dinner cigars there are important issues to address.

This, however, is a book written by a serving politician, so all expectations should be put on hold. Creativity, here, is a very particular term. Creativity, in the New Labour parlance, can only be understood when shrouded in industry; this book is about what has become known as the creative industries, a hideous term of even more dubious provenance than Cool Britannia.

So what is meant by creativity here? Does culture come into it or is industry the key value? The appendix to Smith's book, probably the most revealing chapter, tells us what is really being addressed. Titled "A Summary Map of the Creative Industries" it gives the nitty-gritty of culture and creativity. This is a world of income and turnover, of growth and employment, of performance indicators and balance of trade. The poor

creative, in the old meaning of the word, hardly gets a look in.

But while the creatives are marginalised in this version of creativity, the accountants and statisticians so beloved of New Labour are tripping over themselves in joy. Revenues rise inexorably, employment grows exponentially, optimism is boundless. The UK computer games industry, we learn, "is ranked among the very best in the world". Hurray! "The UK advertising industry is one of the most successful and dynamic in the world." Whoever said Labour isn't working? "The UK contemporary craft industry has more than doubled its turnover in the last 10 years." Praise the Lord.

But let us not be too cynical. Of course there is much good news. But there is also bad news, misplaced optimism, mediocre news, average news, and politics. Smith, if you can plough through words

intended to be read out loud, makes a case for the importance of providing an economic underpinning for the arts to flourish. This Government, like good Thatcherites, is keen to free up the market to do its business, and if Britain is developing from its 1980s notion of a service economy into some sort of design hot house, then it may well be right to focus on the export earners such as film, design and music. But as the Government itself would say, there is a bigger picture.

The part of the equation that proclaims art for art's sake is strangely muted in this book. Occasionally it pops its head up, but it is swiftly forgotten as New Labour strives for something to replace the heavy industries upon which most of the core beliefs and understandings of old Labour are based.

Dan Glaister is the Guardian's arts correspondent.

The Loafer

● **New Statesman**, new literary editor. Filling the vacancy after his previous incumbent Peter Wilby became editor is Jason Cowley, Times journalist and the token youngster on the 1997 Booker Prize panel. Wilby confidently predicts that Cowley's books pages, possibly increased in number, will "startle and amaze, divert and entertain". At least they should be livelier than his predecessor's.

● Still no sign of a purchaser for that powerfully resourced cultural arbiter, *The Modern Review*. Could it be that

potential buyers find the title's price tag of £300,000 a tad off-putting? A fairly hefty £100K per word, as it were.

● Luke Jennings must have so many friends he's not worried about losing a couple. Not only does his new novel, *Beauty Story*, published by Hutchinson this week, boast a female protagonist — narrative sex changes are notorious for attracting carping reviews — but she is a hard-boiled features writer who works for a ruthless and lecherous editor on a mid-market newspaper. Jennings is a contributing editor at the *Standard's* ES magazine. So will

MOST OF MY FRIENDS ARE IN BOOKS... MY BOOKS!



any of his colleagues, past or present, recognise themselves? "I've worked on a lot of papers in my time," he says dully.

● Following his success with *Primary Colors*, Anonymous — aka New Yorker journalist Joe Klein — has deserted Random House and signed a multi-book deal with Dial Press for an undisclosed advance which, he feels, better reflects his commercial puffing power. His first commission is for an as yet unfinished and untitled political novel. Surely few writers can luxuriate in such an abundance of spicy subject

material — and this time he feels confident enough to forgo the cover of anonymity.

● Literary award ceremonies are getting more like the Oscars by the day. When Jenny Diski's *Slating to Antarctica* won the *Mind Book of the Year* this week — for the book which has made the most significant contribution to public awareness of mental health problems — publisher Frances Coady accepted on her behalf. But Diski, currently on a container ship bound for Savannah, Georgia, did make her own acceptance speech — by video link.

STELLA TILLYARD



NEW FROM THE AUTHOR OF ARISTOCRATS

CITIZEN LORD

EDWARD ELIZABETH, 1763-1798

SHORTLISTED FOR THE WILBY PRIZE BIOGRAPHY AWARD

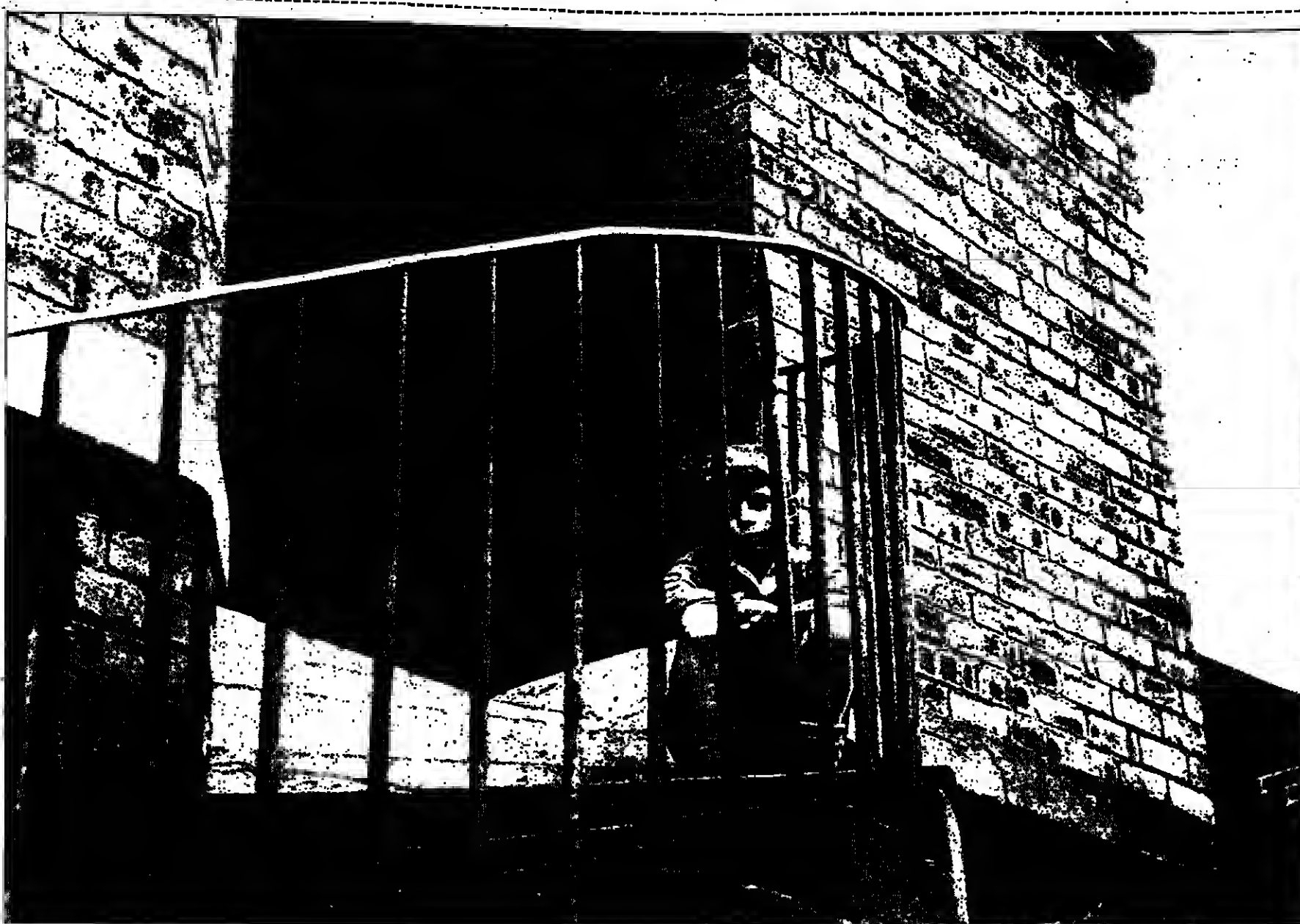
"BRILLIANT, COMPELLING AND ABOVE ALL ENJOYABLE" *ANNE TRISTRAM*

"FRESH AND NOVEL" *HARRIS WILBY*

"VIGOROUS" *FRANCIS Coady*

A VINTAGE PAPERBACK

arts



Scenes from a life... clockwise from left, Stephen Archibald in the films *My Childhood*, *My Ain Folk* and *My Way Home*, and shortly before his death earlier this year



PHOTOGRAPHS: RONALD GRANT, MURDO MACLEOD

Stephen Archibald, former child star, died penniless at the age of 38. **Melanie McFadyen** follows the trail of a wasted life

The one that didn't get away

This is a story about life and art intertwining, told in grainy black and white, with a windy soundtrack. It begins at a bus stop in 1971 where Scottish film-maker Bill Douglas met a child, Stephen Archibald. Douglas had gone to the mining village of Newcraighall in search of a boy to play him in a trilogy about his own sad and lonely childhood.

Stephen Archibald later recalled: "I was skipping school at the time, me and Hughie Restorick. We were up at Newcraighall and there was this man sitting at a bench. Hughie walked up to him and said, 'Mister, can I have a fag off you?' And Bill just burst out laughing. He gave Hughie a cigarette and we were talking to him for about five min-

utes. And the next thing, he started asking us whether we'd like to be in a film."

The film was called *My Childhood*. Over six years, two more followed — *My Ain Folk*, and *My Way Home* — and central to their painful magic is Stephen's haunting face. In the first two, made when Stephen was 12 and 13, he looks like a nine-year-old, a diminutive figure with the weight of the world in the crease in his forehead. In the whole of *My Ain Folk*, one critic noted, his character, Jamie, laughs only once — when he watches his cousin picking his father's pocket and fetching out a condom.

In the final film, *My Way Home*, the protagonist, now 18, is rescued from the barren future he anticipated, by an intellectual,

middle-class man who introduces him to art and literature. This character was based on Bill Douglas's life-long companion, Peter Jewell, whom he met in Egypt as a young RAF recruit. But here life and art diverge. Unlike Douglas, Stephen didn't escape. He died a few weeks ago, aged 38, in unexplained circumstances.

Stephen Archibald came from a big family in Craigmillar, a sprawling estate built during the Edinburgh slum clearances of the 1920s and 1930s. There was no golden era for Craigmillar: it has always been a place where deprivation snarls up its inhabitants' lives. Helen Crummy, now in her seventies, grew up in neighbouring Niddrie and played a school-teacher in the first part of the

trilogy. Stephen, she says, proved there's talent in everybody. "Everyone's creative, it's at the heart of everything despite the deprivation, the true meaning of which is that most people never get the opportunity to fulfil themselves. It's down to the bed you're born in, and here the kids are born to fail."

Crummy and others, angered by seeing so much potential squandered, started the Craigmillar Festival Society in 1972, a unique amalgam of creativity, drama and practical help that continues to this day. The festival's centre sits brightly in the run-down estate whose former heweries, mines and factories closed down leaving it top of the list for unemployment, sickness, psychiatric illness, drugs, death — the many faces of deprivation. It is only minutes away from Edinburgh's glowing café society. Many of the houses are boarded up. There is no centre, the shops are battered, hidden behind metal shutters; bus stops are few and far between. The children play regardless, their high voices calling out to one another. But adults seem to be permanently walking against a sharp wind, faces turned inwards.

Questions about Stephen Archibald are met with suspicion in one of the area's smoky pubs. A man with a crumpled face says, "I knew Stephen Archibald." He taps the side of his nose and, raising his eyebrows, whispers, "He was bad." A younger man in a Britpop gear joins in. "Some people loved Stephen, some hated him. But I'm no kliep [grass]. I'm saying no more." In another pub the landlord narrows his eyes: "I've lived here for 17 years. It's taken its toll of me. The man's dead — leave it alone." Some would talk as long as they remained unidentifiable. One no-name mumbled: "Last couple of years he looked terrible, thin, yellowish, he'd talk and you'd realise how depressed he was. You'd bear stories of feuds in taverns and Stephen's name would come up. He was a pest on the drink and the drugs. He'd pick a fight over oathing. His size would save him — he was about five feet two. His brothers would get him out of it."

The eight brothers and sisters by all accounts were always close. They looked out for each other; perhaps they had to. As the no-names talk, a picture of a troubled childhood emerges.

"Stephen was one of the most damaged children — like an old man. He wouldn't smile, but everyone was fond of him. He was like the boy in the film — you over knew what he was thinking," says one. Another no-name says Stephen's father drank and would beat the boys. "We didn't

see it — it happened indoors — but people talked."

Stephen's sister Janet was insulted by the portrayal of family life in the trilogy and angry about the press coverage after her brother's death, which mentioned her family's poverty. "Times were hard but it was the same for the neighbours." Craigmillar may rank among the most deprived areas in the UK, but who, she seems to think, are outsiders to come along with their pity and their posh accents to report its inadequacies?

"One of Stephen's main problems was that he was dyslexic. Nobody did anything about it and it's probably why he truanted," says Helen Crummy. And truancy led to petty crime, so as a teenager he spent time in reform schools, where the treatment for truanting was the belt, not enlightened enquiry. Unsurprisingly, he graduated to adult prisons for minor offences, the exact nature of which names and no-names alike evade.

After the trilogy, Stephen's acting career came to a halt — as did his hopes of any other employment. "If Craigmillar's your address, they won't even interview you," says one no-name. Another recalls that Stephen did once have a job interview. "People at the Festival Society filled the form in for him because he could barely read or write, and got him a white shirt. But when he went home to get the bus fare to go to the interview, his father was in a rage because Stephen's mother had hidden her purse. He threw her and Stephen out but Stephen sneaked back to get his fare. His father caught him and gave him a beating. They saw Stephen later with blood on his shirt — he never got to the interview."

Yet, in his film work, Stephen came up to even Bill Douglas's notoriously exacting standards. "When he was given a constructive role to perform, I always found Stephen punctual, hard-working and conscientious," Douglas wrote years later. "He was well-liked by his fellow workers." During their last

shoot together, in Egypt for *My Way Home*, Douglas saw impressive changes in the maturing 17-year-old. Just before filming began, his first baby had died. "If there was hurt going on inside him, he kept it from us. Instead he gave us the best of him, very calm, very understanding and with an unexpected sense of humour that made everyone else around look positively drab. I marvelled at him. Gone was the selfish, self-pitying, rebellious, cantankerous though often endearing boy, and I found myself drawn to him anew in sheer respect."

It was similar to something a no-name said, describing Stephen as "lucid, expressive, a good storyteller and ever, at heart, the actor". So how good an actor was he? "Years after seeing the films, people still recall individual moments, invariably Stephen's, and particularly the sparse hints of tenderness," recalled the critic David Robinson in one of the scattering of obituaries.

Unfortunately for Stephen, his champion — Douglas — was not prolific: he made only one film after the trilogy, the epic *Comrades*. The establishment rejected this brilliant film-maker as thoroughly as it did his young protégé. By the time they had finished *My Way Home*, Stephen was married to a local girl, Margaret Ross. After the death of their first baby, they had another child, also called Stephen. Margaret left, taking the child to England, and Stephen fought for custody. Five years ago, he finally won it, but by then father and son were virtually strangers and both were dogged by trouble. Young Stephen was at his father's funeral — in handcuffs.

When I met young Stephen he was no longer in Scotland but in a remand in a young offenders' institution in England. He is bright and articulate with a penetrating self-awareness. Like his father, by the age of 17 young Stephen had a son, who, through force of circumstance, he doesn't see. But he is determined to change the catastrophic generational patterns.

His father held onto the hope Bill Douglas had given him right

until Douglas's death from cancer, aged 54, in 1991. In a documentary interview in 1985, Stephen said, "I always waited on Bill coming back with another film. And then he died and my film career had finished. I'll never make another one. He was a fantastic man. I don't think there are words that could describe him, in my heart."

Douglas was acutely aware of his responsibility for Stephen and wrote: "Haden't I taken him from the street and stuck him in front of the camera? Haden't I asked him to stay by me from one film to another in order to see the whole thing through? I couldn't play with his life: I had to be aware of the effect this experience would have on him. Of course, the inevitable had happened and he wanted to act for the rest of his days..."

How Stephen Archibald died remains a mystery. All his family know is that a friend found him dead in his flat. As you trace Stephen's tracks through the maze of no-names, piecing together the shards of a fractured life, you ask what it is that silences them.

Craigmillar's Inspector Jim Tate says, "There's an undercurrent of violence, a mindless irrationality. It's not just the drugs, it's the machine thing, the local culture. There's an impotent rage, and an acceptance that this is what life has to offer them."

It makes you wonder what will happen to young Stephen. If his spark of hope survives, it will be thanks to whichever enlightened official made sure he got some counselling. "I've tried to get perspective. Everyone knows the answers to their troubles if they look deep inside themselves." He hands over a poem he wrote about his father, full of love and regret.

Stephen senior would have had a part in Douglas's last film, *Comrades*, made in 1987, only he was in jail at the time. Douglas appealed for a brief parole but was turned down; he even offered to postpone the scenes that Stephen would be in, but got no response from the authorities. In his frustration, he wrote a passionate and prophetic letter to the prison governor.

Stephen, he revealed, had begged to be taken away from it all, to London. "Unfortunately, jobs were not forthcoming and I was not in a financial position to help him. It has taken almost five years to set up the present project [*Comrades*], which I wanted for Stephen as much as for myself, and it has come as a bitter blow to me to see this worthwhile young man on the brink of a wasted life. As I doubt very much I will be making another film, the prospects for Stephen are as bleak as before. In realistic terms, there is little or no hope for him..."

"I took him from the street and stuck him in front of a camera," said Douglas (left). "I couldn't play with his life"



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Six-page section

weekendsport

Saturday May 23 1998 www.cricke98.co.uk

World Cup countdown: Last Wembley fixture for Hoddle's squad



Someone up there... Glenn Hoddle contemplates the permutations for his World Cup squad at Bisham Abbey

PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JENKINS

Redknapp out as England hit the road to France

David Lacey on the injury to a luckless midfielder that throws an extra burden on Gascoigne

IT IS to be hoped that England enjoy better luck in the World Cup than Jamie Redknapp has experienced during the preparations. Yesterday the Liverpool player became Glenn Hoddle's first casualty when a knee injury forced him out of the squad from whom the coach will choose his final 22 for France.

Redknapp, always on the fringes of Hoddle's plans because of recurring fitness problems, damaged knee ligaments at Coventry five weeks ago but had hoped they would mend in time. On Thursday night, however, he had to tell Hoddle the worst.

"He gave it everything he could," Hoddle explained yesterday. "He hasn't damaged the knee further and passing is not a problem. It's just that when he checks and twists he doesn't feel comfortable. He's had bad luck all the way."

The loss of Redknapp, while not dealing England's hopes a mortal blow, has still deprived Hoddle of an option in an area where his scope was already limited. England's midfield is strong on work-rate but lacks imagination, and the match fitness of Paul Gascoigne will now come under even closer scrutiny, possibly starting today.

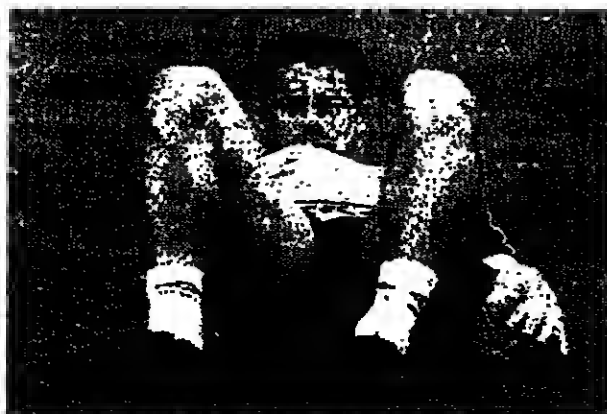
This afternoon Wembley will be filled with goodwill as

England meet Saudi Arabia in their last home game before France. Next week the players will fly to La Manga in Spain to complete their build-up, crossing the Mediterranean on Wednesday and Friday for the Hassan II International Cup and matches in Casablanca against Morocco and Belgium.

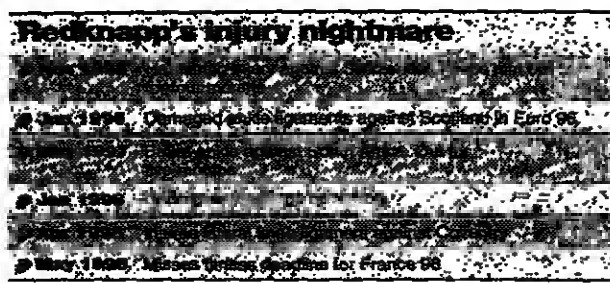
In essence, the World Cup begins now. Or at least the Saudi game will initiate a process which, on Tuesday week, will end with seven names being deleted from a party now reduced to 29. Seven names, seven heartaches, and as Hoddle said yesterday: "Having to let five kids go at Swindon is the hardest thing I've done as a manager, and I'll never do anything harder than that in the matter of dropping players. That experience has given me good experience for this."

Obviously, Hoddle is not going to offer any clues as to who the sad seven will be, and his media relations would not be improved by a repeat of what happened before the 1970 World Cup, when a Sunday newspaper scooped its rivals, not to mention Sir Alf Ramsey, by gleaming similar information through a transatlantic phone call to the wife of one of the unlucky players.

At a rough guess, Dion Dublin, Nicky Butt, Robert Lee,



Down and out... Redknapp accepts his fate



Redknapp's injury nightmare

and Rio and Les Ferdinand will miss the cut. Three reserve goalkeepers — Tim Flowers, Nigel Martyn and Ian Walker — are vying for one or two places behind David Seaman. Most intriguingly, a midfield vacancy could rest between Steve McManaman and Paul Merson.

It probably did not mean

Maybe a lack of time, or breath, prevented Hoddle throwing in McManaman and Merson for good measure. Of those mentioned, only Darren Anderton and Paul Scholes would be likely to give regular inspiration in central midfield. David Beckham's over-riding strength lies in the quality of the centres England hope he will provide for Alan Shearer from the right wing.

Not that Hoddle included Gascoigne in his instant list of options either, although with each day that passes it becomes increasingly clear that the mood, form and fitness of England's only link with Italia 90 are central to their chances of making serious progress.

Yesterday the Gazza barometer was set at "fair", which was at least an improvement on the player's stormy start to the week, when the newspapers claimed to have caught him eating the wrong things at the wrong time with the wrong people. Even Hoddle, who normally defends Gascoigne against media criticism, declared that he was only 80 per cent match-fit.

Presumably the balance is now more favourable to Gascoigne's chances, percentage-wise. "On the training pitch Gascoigne's been fine," Hoddle said. "He's looking sharper and sharper with every session. The good thing is that he is now training totally free of injuries. Now he needs more training, more sharpness and over the next three games he'll get more football."

Whether Gascoigne appears today will depend how urgently Hoddle wants to see him in action. Certainly he has to check on Anderton, whose last significant act in an England shirt was to hit a German post in sudden-death extra-time in the semi-finals of Euro 96. He may also use this game to have a look at Ian Wright, another who needs matches.

With neither Paul Ince nor Graeme Le Saux fully fit, Hoddle will be unable to field the complete spine of his World Cup side, around which he intends making variations according to circumstance. But he can still play Seaman in goal, Tony Adams in defence and Shearer up front, which will go some way towards reassuring Wembley that the backline is intact.

"This game will be a balancing act between getting part of my spine together and shaping things up, as well as the little challenges that are still going on for places," Hoddle explained. "As I've said all along, the most important thing is to get the spine of the team correct and build around that. I can do this because the quality is there in depth."

For England's sake it has to be hoped that Hoddle is right in a tournament where Italy feel they can afford to leave all along, the most important thing is to get the spine of the team correct and build around that. I can do this because the quality is there in depth.

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Kicks, kebabs and kindred spirits in England's phoney war

David Lacey

ENGLAND'S World Cup preparations are pursuing a predictably hazy course. Or rather the prosaic business of getting footballers ready for a major tournament is being accompanied by a familiar bubble of noises off.

This week Glenn Hoddle and his players began a fortnight of intense activity which will involve three warm-up games and a flurry of training sessions from which the final squad of 22 will emerge. It will be hard work needing few distractions.

Not that the newspapers see things in quite the same light. Bored with inquiring about groin strains, they have produced a series of headlines which, even by past standards of pre-World Cup wiles, have been pretty outlandish. But then the objects of their attention have been behaving pretty outlandishly.

Let's see. The England captain Alan Shearer, his image as the nation's golden wonder tarnished by several recent explosions of salt and vinegar, has reported for duty wearing a new set of good-conduct stripes after being cleared by the Football Association of kicking an opponent in the face. Whatever happened did not happen, so there.

Paul Gascoigne, he of the singular refuelling habits, has been photographed eating a kebab in Soho at two in the morning. Word has it that he also likes the odd drink and has been known to puff a fag behind the hike sheds.

The England coach, apparently so short of genuine international talent that he desperately needs even the part-time services of a fading 31-year-old with gifted feet but problems above the ankles, has publicly warned Gascoigne that a lack of match fitness could cost him his place in the squad. That, as John Wayne kept saying in westerns, will be the day.

As for Hoddle himself, it is hard to know where to begin. His faith in the healing powers of Eileen Drewery was old

news which took on extra significance when Hoddle reconfirmed it on the eve of his first major tournament as the England coach. The media blinked slightly but generally respected him for his sincerity.

Even Hoddle's subsequent announcement that he also believed in reincarnation did not cause a great stir, most people having suspected as much since Darren Anderton was included in England's pre-tournament squad.

Nevertheless, when the man who will shortly be picking the team and dictating the strategy for the nation's first involvement in a World Cup proper since 1966 declares that his physical body is "just an overcoat", it may not be only the cynics who are tempted to believe he is short of a few buttons.

Then again, General Patton was a confirmed reincarnationist and his army went through France, as old Blood-and-Guts might have put it, like crap through a goose. Maybe Hoddle should slap Gascoigne a few times if he betrays any signs of battle fatigue.

But with kicks, kebabs and kindred spirits this is proving to be one of the more diverting of England's phoney wars. Without making excuses, it is hard not to sympathise with Gascoigne's complaint that he can barely move a step in public without being photographed.

It is a bit like the hit song in Half A Sixpence — "Crash bang wallop, what a picture, what a photograph..." — except that the newspapers pay rather more generously for a shot of Gazza in extremis.

If Gascoigne gets suitably cleanly match-fit to convince Hoddle that he still has the power to turn matches England's way, then a social whirl that appears to involve two vaudeville types called Stan and Oily — or is it Celia and Danny? — will seem less important. In fact the sooner England, with or without Gazza, are into the World Cup the better it will be for all concerned.

The worst may be yet to come, of course. Who knows what headlines the coming week in La Manga and Casablanca might bring. Gazza-plonker, perhaps, or El Cider.

Batty could be hit for six

Russell Thomas

DAVID BATTY faces a six-match ban at the start of next season, one of the longest suspensions imposed by the Football Association in any recent year.

The Newcastle and England midfielder, in line to face Saudi Arabia at Wembley this afternoon, was charged with misconduct yesterday by the FA for allegedly pushing the referee David Elleray after being sent for the third time last season.

That record earned a five-game ban which is almost certain to be raised to six if the misconduct charge is upheld. That would be in line with the additional similar one-game suspensions imposed on Steve Lomas of West Ham and Arsenal's Emmanuel Petit last season.

An FA spokesman confirmed: "David Batty has been charged with misconduct relating to an incident which occurred following his sending-off by Mr Elleray at Blackburn. He has 14 days to respond and request a personal hearing."

The 28-year-old Batty was sent off by Elleray at Ewood Park on May 10 for allegedly punching Blackburn's midfielder Garry Flitcroft. The Newcastle player denies that and intends to use video evidence to prove his innocence.

His other two dismissals last season came against Aston Villa and Derby.

Newcastle's centre-back Philippe Albert may be on his way back to Anderlecht after this week's decision to allow the Belgian club to compete in Europe, in the UEFA Cup, next season.

Albert's club-mate and fellow defender Darren Pescock is likely to become a Southampton player next week. "I'm optimistic that Darren will join us," said the Saints manager David Jones yesterday.

Nicola Bertti has agreed a new one-year deal with Tottenham. The former Italy midfielder, who arrived in January on a free transfer from Internazionale, had originally been expected to leave Spurs with Jürgen Klinsmann in the summer.

Alan Thompson wants to leave Bolton but all interested clubs will have to offer at least £5 million for the sought-after midfielder.

Bolton's manager Colin Todd admits he is resigned to losing Thompson and confirmed that the club had rejected a bid of about £4.5 million before last season's transfer deadline.

Thompson has been linked with Everton and Newcastle, and Todd said the player and his agent had "brought a contract clause into effect which allows Alan to leave in the event of relegation".



Jump to it... Kent's 19-year-old opener Robert Key, en route to his maiden first-class century, forces James Daley to take evasive action

James' double cream

STEVE JAMES issued another reminder of his England credentials with a hard-hitting 227 as Glamorgan continued to dominate Northamptonshire at Wantage Road. James cracked 36 fours in a stay of 312 balls as the champions reached 563 — their highest total in 114 championship matches with Northants.

The 21-year-old batsman, Michael Powell, made 106, his maiden championship century highlighted by a second 50 off 32 balls as he and James cashed in on some wayward bowling from the Test paceman.

Devon Malcolm and Franklyn Rose, bad light saved the home side, facing a deficit of 391, from beginning their second innings before the close.

Another batting prodigy, the 19-year-old opener Robert Key, became the youngest Kent player to score a century at Canterbury when he made 101 as Kent took a first-innings lead of 266 against Durham.

Key reached his maiden championship century off 187 balls with 14 boundarries, sharing a partnership of 168 for the first wicket with David Fulton (65). Alan Wells clipped in with 95 and the Kent captain Steve Marsh 92 before Durham were reduced to 30 for one, losing Michael Gough.

Courtney Walsh gave Gloucestershire every chance of victory over the early-season pace-setters Yorkshire, who were dismissed for 143 at the King's School, Gloucester, with the former West Indies captain taking three for 30. The home side had reached 158 for four at the close for an overall lead of 344. Mark Alleyne contributed 56.

Scoreboard

Britannic Assurance County Championship

(Second day of four, today 11.0)

ESSEX v Lancashire

Chesham, Essex (open) 1st Innings (7) by 24 runs with all second-innings wickets remaining.

ESSEX: 1st Innings 242 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

Lancashire: 1st Innings 218 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

N. T. Wood to R. H. H. 14

M. A. Atherton to R. H. H. 20

J. P. Crawley to R. H. H. 1

N. H. Fairbrother to R. H. H. 1

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

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R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

Scoreboard

Sussex v Derbyshire

Horsham, Sussex (open) 1st Innings (7) by 24 runs with all second-innings wickets remaining.

Sussex: 1st Innings 242 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

Derbyshire: 1st Innings 218 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

N. T. Wood to R. H. H. 14

M. A. Atherton to R. H. H. 20

J. P. Crawley to R. H. H. 1

N. H. Fairbrother to R. H. H. 1

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

Scoreboard

Warwickshire v Nottinghamshire

Edgbaston, Warwickshire (open) 1st Innings (7) by 24 runs with all second-innings wickets remaining.

Warwickshire: 1st Innings 242 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

Nottinghamshire: 1st Innings 218 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

N. T. Wood to R. H. H. 14

M. A. Atherton to R. H. H. 20

J. P. Crawley to R. H. H. 1

N. H. Fairbrother to R. H. H. 1

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

W. A. Marsh to R. H. H. 0

T. W. K. Hogg to R. H. H. 0

G. Chapple to R. H. H. 38

R. J. Green to R. H. H. 14

M. J. Studd to R. H. H. 12

Extras (nb, w, lb, no) 26

Total (107.4 overs) 214

Scoreboard

Warwickshire v Nottinghamshire

Edgbaston, Warwickshire (open) 1st Innings (7) by 24 runs with all second-innings wickets remaining.

Warwickshire: 1st Innings 242 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

Nottinghamshire: 1st Innings 218 (S. G. Law 50; Chapple 54).

2nd Innings (overnight 25-0)

N. T. Wood to R. H. H. 14

M. A. Atherton to R. H. H. 20

J. P. Crawley to R. H. H. 1

N. H. Fairbrother to R. H. H. 1

M. Williams 126

A. Flintoff to R. H. H. 28

M. Westlake to R. H. H. 40

Written by those in the know

LUCA CUMANI will be looking to record a "home" win in the Italian tomorrow when the Italian returns to his land of birth to run Zomaradah in the Oaks d'Italia. This Deploy filly may only have won a modest Brighton maiden so far, but her home work has been of the highest order. The stable's good run looks set to continue at Sandown on Tuesday evening when One So Wonderful is scheduled to reappear in the Brigadier Gerard Stakes.

Superb shape This class filly, winner of the Sun Chariot Stakes last October, looked in superb shape on the Limerick gallops at Newmarket earlier this week. We hear the One So Wonderful winner should also be seen to good effect before long on Kilmogram. Another untraced Cumani three-year-old to look out for in the near future is Cavallero.

Cumani initially made his name with a string of big-handicap wins and Geimhrail should show he has not lost his touch. The Wokingham at Royal Ascot springs to mind. The trainer is adopting a softly-softly approach with Geimhrail, who still looked in need of the race when seventh behind World Premier at York last week.

Royal target Sheltering Sky was desperately unlucky in the same race and the Wokingham is also on his agenda. But whereas John Dunlop's horse has gone up a year-old, Geimhrail has been dropped 2lb. He won easily off a mark of 81 last season and is now rated 87.

Royal Ascot is definitely the plan for Levitts, who was unfortunately balloted out of the Chester Cup. Best when fresh, Tom Tate's improved hurdler will be

Useful winner Stable companion Teasing (4.25) is primed for action at Redcar on Monday. This filly did not enjoy the best of runs when second to Coronet at Nottingham last time, but probably came up against a useful winner on Saturday.

Coronet, trained by Alec Stewart, has continued in the form at home. Partnered by Michael Roberts, she went five lengths clear of her lead horse in a useful work-out earlier this week and should be spot on for her next assignment which will be at Leicester on Tuesday.

The recent Kempton success of Dark Albion, John Dunlop's first two-year-old runner of the season, augurs well for stable-mate Second Nature. This Second Set colt bypassed Doncaster today owing to the fast ground, but should soon make his presence felt.

Saturday special ASLEY (Kempton, 2.30).



Winning verdict... Random Kindness (right) overtakes My Learned Friend at Brighton yesterday

Great pointer to Golden Dice

Random Kindness (right) overtakes My Learned Friend at Brighton yesterday

who has been entered for the St James's Palace Stakes at Royal Ascot. He was not one of Cecil's top two-year-olds, but finished last season with good efforts behind Teapot Row and Mutamam. Golden Dice has evidently gone the right way and should be too strong for the 2,000 Guineas eighth, Speedy Too.

Cecil also runs the well-bred newcomer Zante (1.55) and High Intrigue at Kempton. While the latter should go well in the Crawley Warren Heron Stakes, pulled five lengths clear of Great Dane in a useful piece of work at Newmarket in midweek.

From a strong five-day stage, today's race has cut up and provides an ideal launch pad for Golden Dice (3.35).

An import from Dermot Weld's yard in Ireland, Shahrur enjoyed a profitable campaign over hurdles with Gary Moore and he could be well treated on his return to the flat.

The Singapore Handicap is a typically tricky sprint, but Distinctive Dream (4.35) is worth a close look, having run without his customary blinkers on his first outing for Lady Herries at Haydock a fortnight ago; the headgear is back on today.

David Loder's Lucayan Indian has been all the rage for the Tote Credit Silver Bowl at Haydock on the strength of an impressive home work-out with Diktat.

A Queen Anne Stakes entry, Richard Hannon's colt has faced big tasks on his two outings so far this season.

Haydock Jackpot card

NON COX	TOP FORM
2.00	Amazons
2.10	Amazons
2.20	Amazons
2.30	Amazons
2.40	Amazons
2.50	Amazons
3.00	Amazons
3.10	Amazons
3.20	Amazons
3.30	Amazons
3.40	Amazons
3.50	Amazons
4.00	Amazons
4.10	Amazons
4.20	Amazons
4.30	Amazons
4.40	Amazons
4.50	Amazons
5.00	Amazons
5.10	Amazons
5.20	Amazons
5.30	Amazons
5.40	Amazons
5.50	Amazons
6.00	Amazons
6.10	Amazons
6.20	Amazons
6.30	Amazons
6.40	Amazons
6.50	Amazons
7.00	Amazons
7.10	Amazons
7.20	Amazons
7.30	Amazons
7.40	Amazons
7.50	Amazons
8.00	Amazons
8.10	Amazons
8.20	Amazons
8.30	Amazons
8.40	Amazons
8.50	Amazons
9.00	Amazons
9.10	Amazons
9.20	Amazons
9.30	Amazons
9.40	Amazons
9.50	Amazons
10.00	Amazons
10.10	Amazons
10.20	Amazons
10.30	Amazons
10.40	Amazons
10.50	Amazons
11.00	Amazons
11.10	Amazons
11.20	Amazons
11.30	Amazons
11.40	Amazons
11.50	Amazons
12.00	Amazons
12.10	Amazons
12.20	Amazons
12.30	Amazons
12.40	Amazons
12.50	Amazons

Kempton TV card

NON COX	TOP FORM
1.55	Zante
2.30	Amazons
3.00	Amazons
3.35	Amazons
4.00	Amazons
4.35	Amazons
5.10	Amazons
5.40	Amazons
6.10	Amazons
6.40	Amazons
7.10	Amazons
7.40	Amazons
8.10	Amazons
8.40	Amazons
9.10	Amazons
9.40	Amazons
10.10	Amazons
10.40	Amazons
11.10	Amazons
11.40	Amazons
12.10	Amazons
12.40	Amazons
13.10	Amazons
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46.10	Amazons
46.40	Amazons
47.10	Amazons
47.40	Amazons
48.10	Amazons
48.40	Amazons
49.10	Amazons
49.40	Amazons
50.10	Amazons
50.40	Amazons

2.00 FRIENDLY HANDICAP

NON COX	TOP FORM
1.55	Zante
2.30	Amazons
3.00	Amazons
3.35	Amazons
4.00	Amazons
4.35	Amazons
5.10	Amazons
5.40	Amazons
6.10	Amazons
6.40	Amazons
7.10	Amazons
7.40	Amazons
8.10	Amazons
8.40	Amazons
9.10	Amazons
9.40	Amazons
10.10	Amazons
10.40	Amazons
11.10	Amazons
11.40	Amazons
12.10	Amazons
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16.40	Amazons
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19.10	Amazons
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21.40	Amazons
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26.10	Amazons
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45.10	Amazons
45.40	Amazons
46.10	Amazons
46.40	Amazons
47.10	Amazons
47.40	Amazons
48.10	Amazons
48.40	Amazons
49.10	Amazons
49.40	Amazons
50.10	Amazons
50.40	Amazons

2.30 NEW ENGLAND CONDITIONS STAKES

NON COX	TOP FORM
1.55	Zante
2.30	Amazons
3.00	Amazons
3.35	Amazons
4.00	Amazons
4.35	Amazons
5.10	Amazons
5.40	Amazons
6.10	Amazons
6.40	Amazons
7.10	Amazons
7.40	Amazons
8.10	Amazons
8.40	Amazons
9.10	Amazons
9.40	Amazons
10.10	Amazons
10.40	Amazons
11.10	Amazons
11.40	Amazons
12.10	Amazons
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17.10	Amazons
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30.10	Amazons
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31.10	Amazons
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33.40	Amazons
34.10	Amazons
34.40	Amazons
35.10	Amazons
35.40	Amazons
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36.40	Amazons
37.10	Amazons
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38.10	Amazons
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42.40	Amazons
43.10	Amazons
43.40	Amazons
44.10	Amazons
44.40	Amazons
45.10	Amazons
45.40	Amazons
46.10	Amazons
46.40	Amazons
47.10	Amazons
47.40	Amazons
48.10	Amazons
48.40	Amazons
49.10	Amazons
49.40	Amazons
50.10	Amazons
50.40	Amazons

3.05 SYDNEY HANDICAP

1	W. Harkness	12	12	525	Florida	13	13	525	Florida
2	W. Harkness	13	13	525	Florida	14	14	525	Florida
3	W. Harkness	14	14	525	Florida	15	15	525	Florida
4	W. Harkness	15	15	525	Florida	16	16	525	Florida
5	W. Harkness	16	16	525	Florida	17	17	525	Florida
6	W. Harkness	17	17	525	Florida	18	18	525	Florida
7	W. Harkness	18	18	525	Florida	19	19	525	Florida
8	W. Harkness	19	19	525	Florida	20	20	525	Florida
9	W. Harkness	20	20	525	Florida	21	21	525	Florida
10	W. Harkness	21	21	525	Florida	22	22	525	Florida
11	W. Harkness	22	22	525	Florida	23	23	525	Florida
12	W. Harkness	23	23	525	Florida	24	24	525	Florida
13	W. Harkness	24	24	525	Florida	25	25	525	Florida
14	W. Harkness	25	25	525	Florida	26	26	525	Florida
15	W. Harkness	26	26	525	Florida	27	27	525	Florida
16	W. Harkness	27	27	525	Florida	28	28	525	Florida
17	W. Harkness	28	28	525	Florida	29	29	525	Florida
18	W. Harkness	29	29	525	Florida	30	30	525	Florida
19	W. Harkness	30	30	525	Florida	31	31	525	Florida
20	W. Harkness	31	31	525	Florida	32	32	525	Florida
21	W. Harkness	32	32	525	Florida	33	33	525	Florida
22	W. Harkness	33	33	525	Florida	34	34	525	Florida
23	W. Harkness	34	34	525	Florida	35	35	525	Florida
24	W. Harkness	35	35	525	Florida	36	36	525	Florida
25	W. Harkness	36	36	525	Florida	37	37	525	Florida
26	W. Harkness	37	37	525	Florida	38	38	525	Florida
27	W. Harkness	38	38	525	Florida	39	39	525	Florida
28	W. Harkness	39	39	525	Florida	40	40	525	Florida
29	W. Harkness	40	40	525	Florida	41	41	525	Florida
30	W. Harkness	41	41	525	Florida	42	42	525	Florida
31	W. Harkness	42	42	525	Florida	43	43	525	Florida
32	W. Harkness	43	43	525	Florida	44	44	525	Florida
33	W. Harkness	44	44	525	Florida	45	45	525	Florida
34	W. Harkness	45	45	525	Florida	46	46	525	Florida
35	W. Harkness	46	46	525	Florida	47	47	525	Florida
36	W. Harkness	47	47	525	Florida	48	48	525	Florida
37	W. Harkness	48	48	525	Florida	49	49	525	Florida
38	W. Harkness	49	49	525	Florida	50	50	525	Florida
39	W. Harkness	50	50	525	Florida	51	51	525	Florida
40	W. Harkness	51	51	525	Florida	52	52	525	Florida
41	W. Harkness	52	52	525	Florida	53	53	525	Florida
42	W. Harkness	53	53	525	Florida	54	54	525	Florida
43	W. Harkness	54	54	525	Florida	55	55	525	Florida
44	W. Harkness	55	55	525	Florida	56	56	525	Florida
45	W. Harkness	56	56	525	Florida	57	57	525	Florida
46	W. Harkness	57	57	525	Florida	58	58	525	Florida
47	W. Harkness	58	58	525	Florida	59	59	525	Florida
48	W. Harkness	59	59	525	Florida	60	60	525	Florida
49	W. Harkness	60	60	525	Florida	61	61	525	Florida
50	W. Harkness	61	61	525	Florida	62	62	525	Florida
51	W. Harkness	62	62	525	Florida	63	63	525	Florida
52	W. Harkness	63	63	525	Florida	64	64	525	Florida
53	W. Harkness	64	64	525	Florida	65	65	525	Florida
54	W. Harkness	65	65	525	Florida	66	66	525	Florida
55	W. Harkness	66	66	525	Florida	67	67	525	Florida
56	W. Harkness	67	67	525	Florida	68	68	525	Florida
57	W. Harkness	68	68	525	Florida	69	69	525	Florida
58	W. Harkness	69	69	525	Florida	70	70	525	Florida
59	W. Harkness	70	70	525	Florida	71	71	525	Florida
60	W. Harkness	71	71	525	Florida	72	72	525	Florida
61	W. Harkness	72	72	525	Florida	73	73	525	Florida
62	W. Harkness	73	73	525	Florida	74	74	525	Florida
63	W. Harkness	74	74	525	Florida	75	75	525	Florida
64	W. Harkness	75	75	525	Florida	76	76	525	Florida
65	W. Harkness	76	76	525	Florida	77	77	525	Florida
66	W. Harkness	77	77	525	Florida	78	78	525	Florida
67	W. Harkness	78	78	525	Florida	79	79	525	Florida
68	W. Harkness	79	79	525	Florida	80	80	525	Florida
69	W. Harkness	80	80	525	Florida	81	81	525	Florida
70	W. Harkness	81	81	525	Florida	82	82	525	Florida
71	W. Harkness	82	82	525	Florida	83	83	525	Florida
72	W. Harkness	83	83	525	Florida	84	84	525	Florida
73	W. Harkness	84	84	525	Florida	85	85	525	Florida
74	W. Harkness	85	85	525	Florida	86	86	525	Florida
75	W. Harkness	86	86	525	Florida	87	87	525	Florida
76	W. Harkness	87	87	525	Florida	88	88	525	Florida
77	W. Harkness	88	88	525	Florida	89	89	525	Florida
78	W. Harkness	89	89	525	Florida	90	90	525	Florida
79	W. Harkness	90	90	525	Florida	91	91	525	Florida
80	W. Harkness	91	91	525	Florida	92	92	525	Florida
81	W. Harkness	92	92	525	Florida	93	93	525	Florida
82	W. Harkness	93	93	525	Florida	94	94	525	Florida
83	W. Harkness	94	94	525	Florida	95	95	525	Florida
84	W. Harkness	95	95	525	Florida	96	96	525	Florida
85	W. Harkness	96	96	525	Florida	97	97	525	Florida
86	W. Harkness	97	97	525	Florida	98	98	525	Florida
87	W. Harkness	98	98	525	Florida	99	99	525	Florida
88	W. Harkness	99	99	525	Florida	100	100	525	Florida
89	W. Harkness	100	100	525	Florida				
90	W. Harkness								
91	W. Harkness								
92	W. Harkness								
93	W. Harkness								
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100	W. Harkness								

Fa-Eq to win the Classic tussle

Ron Cox.

THE SCORE stands at one each after Newmarket's opening skirmish in the fight for Classic supremacy between the powerful Aidan O'Brien and Godolphin stables. The battle lines are drawn again at The Curragh today and stakes are high in the Irish 2,000 Guineas.

O'Brien, having plundered the Newmarket equivalent with King Of Kings, unleashes his unbeaten colt, Second Empire, who has been heavily backed for the Derby over the past week.

King Of Kings readily saw off the Godolphin colts on the Rowley Mile, but Sheikh Mohammed's team hit back when crack filly Cape Verdi slammed O'Brien's Shah-toush in the 1,000 Guineas.

The 2,000 was not a wasted exercise for Godolphin, however. They took seventh place with Almutawakel who, in finishing five lengths behind King Of Kings, gave the stable a useful line to their Curragh rider, Fa-Eq.

This undoubtedly encouraged the Sheikh to supplement Fa-Eq with the colt, estimated at £125,000. Although the colt lacks experience, he looked every inch a Group performer



Desert Invader... Godolphin's Fa-Eq can defeat home team in today's Irish Guineas

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN LYNCH

when cruising home in a Newmarket maiden and his subsequent home work has convinced his shrewd connections that they are not flying too high.

Given that Second Empire has been held up in his work owing to a pulled muscle, he will be race-rusty and recent betting indicates Ballydoyle have their sights set

firmly on the Derby. Conversely, stable companion Almutawakel may turn out to be a sprinter. A mile seems to be stretching the stamina of Desert Prince jockeying by his third in the French Guineas, and all Two-Two-Two's form is on soft ground.

It won't be easy to beat O'Brien in his own backyard but Fa-Eq (4.10) has a fighting chance.

Curragh CH4 & BBC1

4.10 HIBERNIA FOODS IRISH 2,000 GUINEAS

1m £118,700 (7 declared)

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	31st	32nd	33rd	34th	35th	36th	37th	38th	39th	40th	41st	42nd	43rd	44th	45th	46th	47th	48th	49th	50th	51st	52nd	53rd	54th	55th	56th	57th	58th	59th	60th	61st	62nd	63rd	64th	65th	66th	67th	68th	69th	70th	71st	72nd	73rd	74th	75th	76th	77th	78th	79th	80th	81st	82nd	83rd	84th	85th	86th	87th	88th	89th	90th	91st	92nd	93rd	94th	95th	96th	97th	98th	99th	100th
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Warwick

RON COX	TOP FORM
6.25 Kingsley Day	Roscoe Reed
6.55 Brownie Hill	Star Manager
7.25 Chastelaine Cullin	Chastelaine Cullin
7.55 Rector	Alma Dancer
8.25 Pictorial	Pictorial
8.55 Torrell Vert	Linsell

Left-handed track of 15m with 200m run-in. 51 track bears left after halfway. Sharp track with the emphasis on speed. Going: Good to Firm, Good in places. * Denotes blinkers. Draw: Low numbers are favoured. Long distance travellers: Diamond Eye (6.25), J. Birkell, Cambric, 216 miles. Seven day winners: None. Blinded first time: 5.55 Drift & May Nym. Viscount Nym. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J.J.M.

6.25 LURIA HANDICAP (Warwick)

1m £2,635 (20 declared)

1168	040-00	Shylock (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1169	020-00	Shylock (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1170	120-00	Young Macdonald (10) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1171	030-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1172	040-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1173	050-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1174	060-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1175	070-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1176	080-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1177	090-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1178	100-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1179	110-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1180	120-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1181	130-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1182	140-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1183	150-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1184	160-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1185	170-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1186	180-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1187	190-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1188	200-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1189	210-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1190	220-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1191	230-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1192	240-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1193	250-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1194	260-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1195	270-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1196	280-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1197	290-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1198	300-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1199	310-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81
1200	320-00	Poltergeist (14) (5) J. Gosses 7-11-7	G. Baines	81

Beating: 1-11 Haver Hill, 12-2 Young Macdonald, 13-1 Haver Hill, 14-1 Haver Hill, 15-1 Haver Hill, 16-1 Haver Hill, 17-1 Haver Hill, 18-1 Haver Hill, 19-1 Haver Hill, 20-1 Haver Hill, 21-1 Haver Hill, 22-1 Haver Hill, 23-1 Haver Hill, 24-1 Haver Hill, 25-1 Haver Hill, 26-1 Haver Hill, 27-1 Haver Hill, 28-1 Haver Hill, 29-1 Haver Hill, 30-1 Haver Hill, 31-1 Haver Hill, 32-1 Haver Hill, 33-1 Haver Hill, 34-1 Haver Hill, 35-1 Haver Hill, 36-1 Haver Hill, 37-1 Haver Hill, 38-1 Haver Hill, 39-1 Haver Hill, 40-1 Haver Hill, 41-1 Haver Hill, 42-1 Haver Hill, 43-1 Haver Hill, 44-1 Haver Hill, 45-1 Haver Hill, 46-1 Haver Hill, 47-1 Haver Hill, 48-1 Haver Hill, 49-1 Haver Hill, 50-1 Haver Hill, 51-1 Haver Hill, 52-1 Haver Hill, 53-1 Haver Hill, 54-1 Haver Hill, 55-1 Haver Hill, 56-1 Haver Hill, 57-1 Haver Hill, 58-1 Haver Hill, 59-1 Haver Hill, 60-1 Haver Hill, 61-1 Haver Hill, 62-1 Haver Hill, 63-1 Haver Hill, 64-1 Haver Hill, 65-1 Haver Hill, 66-1 Haver Hill, 67-1 Haver Hill, 68-1 Haver Hill, 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